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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

# Nature

By HENRY MEDWALL

*Written, c.* 1486–1500

*Date of only Known Edition, c.* 1516–20

*Reproduced in Facsimile,* 1908

# Nature

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# The Tudor Facsimile Texts

*Under the Supervision and Editorship of*

JOHN S. FARMER

# Nature

By HENRY MEDWALL

[*c.* 1486–1500]

*Issued for Subscribers by*

T. C. & E. C. JACK, 16 HENRIETTA STREET

LONDON, W.C.: AND EDINBURGH

MCMVIII

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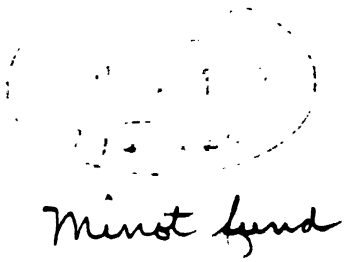


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# Nature

## By HENRY MEDWALL

*One copy only of the original edition is known to be extant; it is now in the British Museum* (C 34, *e.* 54). *The Museum copy has bound up with it, at the end, two duplicate leaves, c i. and c iv. A fragment* (*A iiii.*) *is in the Bodleian* (*Rawl. 4to*, 598, 12). *Another fragment of two pages, of some value as supplying two clipped lines* (*g iv.*, recto *and* verso), *was found in an album consisting entirely of "Specimens of the English printers from Caxton to Robert Barker," which Sir John Fenn had collected for the completion of Ames-Herbert's "Typographical Antiquities." This volume was offered for sale by Mr. Bernard Quaritch in Catalogue No.* 237, *pp.* 97–99, *the price affixed being £*280. *From this source, through the courtesy of Prof. Bang of Louvain University, I am able to give these two missing lines. It has not been possible to do the like in respect to the clipped lines on leaf g i.*

*Although the original has neither date, place, nor printer's name, it was probably printed by John Rastell about* 1516–20, *notwithstanding the obviously erroneous B. M. Catalogue entry to "G. Rastell, London,* 1538." *The original B. M. copy, the additional leaves therein, and the two Bodley and Quaritch fragments are all apparently of the same edition, and it is unlikely that the play was printed more than once.*



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*On the other hand, the date of composition is much earlier, as it was (see conclusion of "Fyrste parte") produced before John Morton, Cardinal and Archbishop of Canterbury* (1486) *in Henry VII.'s time. This prelate died in* 1500.

*Of the author, Henry Medwall, nothing is known beyond the fact that he was chaplain to Cardinal Morton. Bale says "Nature" was translated into Latin. Medwall wrote another interlude, not now extant, "Of the Finding of Truth, carried away by Ignorance and Hypocrisy," in which a fool was introduced, an innovation which commended itself to Henry VIII. when it was produced before him at Richmond, Christmas* 1516. *Apart from this feature the piece was misliked, and the King "departyd before the end to hys chambre" (Bale).*

*Mr. J. A. Herbert, of the Manuscript Department, British Museum, having compared this facsimile with the original, reports it as "admirably done," and that "there is little to which exception can be taken." He however remarks :—*

(1) *Sig. a iii.*, recto, *line* 8, *there is no flaw in the word "element" in the original.*

(2) *Sig. a iv., foot of page, the lowest and clipped line is rather more legible in original. It reads, "Sokur thy selfe man | I aduyse the hardely."*

(3) *Sig. a iv.*, verso, *the last line reads, "¶ It ys a thyng | that doth ryght far excede."*

(4) *It will be observed that at the top right corner of the leaves figures in pencil have been inserted: those on folios* 13, 17, *and* 19 *are fainter than in original, but in no case are these pencillated numerals very clear, even in the original.*



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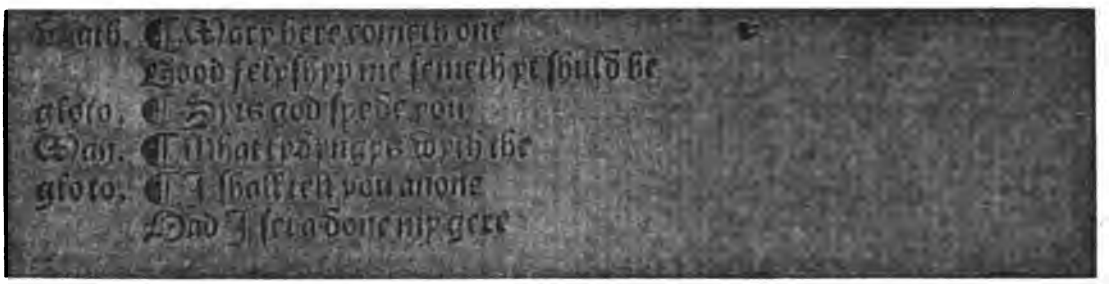
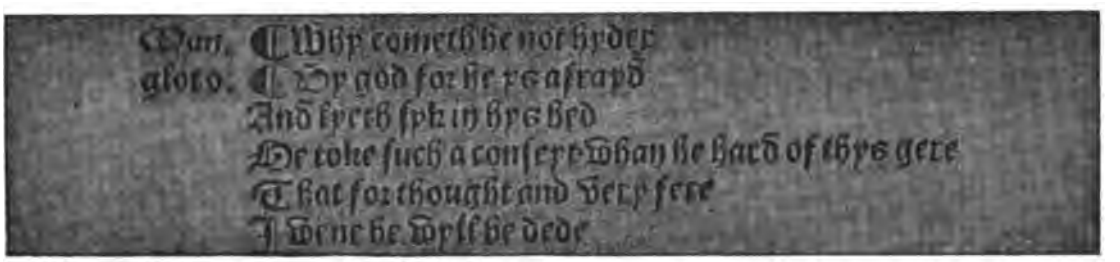
(5) *Sig. g iv.*, recto *and* verso, *the missing lines, clipped from the foot of each page, are supplied, as already indicated, by fragments.*



"NATURE"—*Sig. g iv.*, recto.



"NATURE"—*Sig. g iv.*, verso.

*It may also be noted that the marks at foot of Sig. iii.*, verso, *are accidental, and are not in the original. I point this out to make it quite clear that a line in this case has not been cut away.*

(6) *Sig. h i.*, recto, *the words and letters underlined in the last three lines (the "M" of "Mary," the "o" of "f" in second line from foot, and "ye are out" in the next and last line) are clear and sound in original. The bottom left-hand corner of the leaf is wanting, and has been replaced by a modern inlay, which shows clearly* verso.



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(7) *Sig. i, i.*, recto, *there is no flaw in original at the top left-hand corner.*

(8) *Sig. i, ii.*, recto, *the last line is clearer in original.* "*. . . l . . . to r* (?) *eforme* | *and order my mynde.*"

(9) *Sig. i, ii.*, verso, *in the original it is clear that the last line ends* "*. . .* | *in thys case.*"

JOHN S. FARMER.



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# Nature.

A goodly interlude of Nature compylyd by mayster Henry Medwall chaplayn to the ryght reuerende father in god Johan Morton sometyme Cardynall and archebyshop of Cantorbury.

MVSEVM BRITANNICVM

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¶ Myrth cometh in Mynde and ſytteth downe by / ſayth nothynge and hath hym Worldly affeccyon beſynge a gowne and cap and a gyrdyll for Man.

¶ Than cometh in Nature / Man / Reaſon / and Innocencye / and Nature ſytteth downe and ſayth.

¶ Nature.

¶ Thalmyghty god / that made eche creature
As well in heuen / as other place erthly
By hys wyſe ordynaunce / hath purueyd me nature
To be as mynyſter / vnder hym immediately
For thencheſon / that I ſhold perpetually
Hys creatures / in ſuche degre mayntayne
as yt hath pleaſed / hys grace for theym to ordeyne
¶ To me yt longeth by naturall engendure
thyng to contynew / that hath ſpyryte of lyfe
Whyche / ne were my helpe ſhuld neuer endure
But ſodenly peryſhe / and wax all caytyfe
Atwyxt the elementys / that whylom were at ſtryfe
I haue ſwaged / the old repugnaunce
and knyt theym togeder / in maner of alyaunce
¶ Eke I haue ordeyned / the goddys Deane
Lady of the ſee // and euery freſhe fontayn
Whyche comenly decreceth / whan ſhe gynneth wane
And waxeth abundant / whan ſhe creceth agayne
Of eb and flode / ſhe ys cauſe certayne
and reyneth as princes / in euery ple and to wn
That with the ſee / ys compaſſed enuyron
¶ I am cauſer / of ſuche impreſſyon
as appereth wonderouſe / to mannys ſyght
As of flammes / that from the ſterry regyon
Semeth to fall / in tymes of the nyght
Some ſhote ſydelong / and ſome do vp ryght
Whyche cauſeth the ignorant / to ſtand in drede
that ſterrys do fall / yet falleth there none in dede
¶ What nedeth yt to ſpeke / of thyngys here by low
as ſowles / beſtys / and fyſſhes in theyr kynde
Of trees / herbys / and ſtones how they grow
In whyche / ryse ſondry and meny vertuous fynde
Doe thyng be ye ſure / and thynk yt in your mynde

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No maner creature/ [illegible]
Of these workys/but onely I nature
¶And playnly there ys/in erthe no maner thynge
That ys not partyner/of my influence
I do prouyde/for euery beste lyuynge
Of naturall foode/alway suffysence
And gene theym also/a maner of prudence
Wherby they may/naturallye sensyd
Thyng that ys delectable/and thother eschewd
¶Who taught the cok/hys watche howres to obserue
And syng of corage/with sporall throte on hye
Who taught the pellycan/her tender hart to carue
For she nolde suffer/her byrdys to dye
Who taught the nyghtyngall/to recorde besyly
Her strange entunys/in syleuce of the nyght
Certes I nature/and none other wyght
¶But yf that I/shold clepe to memorye
Erthe strange effecte/and euery great mervayle
That I haue cause/I ensure you sarthfully
That rather tyme/than processe shuld me fayle
yt were your payne/and to me but trauayle
All suche materes/as nowe to bryng in place
Wherfore I let passe theym/tell other tyme and space
¶But yf ye coueit/nowe to knowe the effecte
Of thyngys naturall/by treu conclusyon
Counsell with Arystotell/my phylosopher electe
Whyche hath left/in bokys of hys tradycyon
How euery thyng/by heuenly constellacyon
Is brought to effecte/and in what maner wyse
As far as mannys wytt/may naturally compryse
¶Wherfore syth god/of hys great largesse
Hath thus enrychyd me/with doctryne of hys grace
And made me as who seyth/a worldly goddesse
Of duty I can/no lesse do in thys case
But with hart[illegible] ioy/and entyere solace
My selfe addresse/to do hys hyghe pleasure
And to thys fame/moue all other creature
¶Enforce you therfore/thys creatures erthe on
To honour your maker/with humble obeysaunce
Namely thou man/I speke to the alone
Byfore all other/as chyef of hys creance
Thynke how he/hath made the to hys semblance
Pluck vp thy spyrytes/and hold them best [illegible]

and euer more/haue heuen in thy syght
¶ Out de in hys boke/cleped the transformacyon
among all other hys fables and poesyes
Maketh specyall/mensyon of thy creacyon
Shewyng how god/wonderously gan deuyse
What he the made/and gaue to the thempryse
Of all thys world/and seoffed the wyth all
as chyef possessyoner/of thyngys mutuall
¶ In token wherof/he gaue the vpryght vsage
and gaue the in commaundement/to lyft thyn eye
Vp to warde heuen/only for that vsage
Thow shuldest know hym/for thy lorde almyghty
all other bestys/as thyngys vnworthy
To behold therth/wyth grouelyng countenaunce
and be subdued/to thyn obeysaunce
¶ But as touchyng/the cause specyally
Wherfore I haue ordeyned the/thys nyght to appere
It ys to put the/in knowlege and memorye
To what entent/thow art ordeyned to be here
I let the wyt/thou arte a passanger
That hast to do/a great and longe vyage
and through the world/most be thy passage
¶ Addresse the selfe/now to warde thys iournay
for as now thou shalt/nolenger here abyde
Lo here Reason/to gouerne the in thy way
and sensualyte/vpon thyn other syde
But reason I depute/to be thy chyef gyde
Wyth innocencye/that ys thy tender norryce
Euermore to wene the/from thappetyte of vyce
¶ O lord of lordes/my lord god immortuall
Man. To the be honour/and ioy euer to endure
Whose heuenly empyre shall neuer be fynall
But world wythout end/remayne stable and sure
Whom heuen and hell/and erthly creature
Wyth one assent/and all wyth one accorde
Honoureth/prayseth/and knowlegeth for theyre lorde
¶ To the myne hed/I humbly inclyne
Thankyng thy grace/that fyrst hast ordeyned me
To be as a fyly creature of thyne
and after that/of thy great bounte
Thou hast me set/in soueraryne degre
and gyuen me the profettys/of euery erthly thynge
aswell of frutys/as of bestys lyuynge

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and that that ys/also most precyouse
thou hast me enspyred/with heuenly wysdome
Wherby I may/do workys meruayllouse
In euery place/where soeuer I come
Of eche perfeccyon/thy grace hath lent me some
So that I know/that creature no where
Of whose vertue/I am not partyner
¶ I haue as hath/eche other element
among other in thys world/as men beyng
With herbys and trees/contynuall noryshement
that ys suffysant/to naturall lyuyng
With sensuall bestys/I haue a maner of knowyng
Wherby I shuld/in good thyngs delyte
and flee the contrary/of myne appetyte
¶ And ouer all thys/thou hast gyuen me vertue
Harmonyeyng all other/in hygh perfeccyon
That ys vnderstandyng/wherby I may eschew
And well dyscerne/what ys to be done
yet for all that/have I free electyon
To what I wyll/be it euyll or well
And am put in the hande/of myne owne counsell
¶ and in thys poynt/I am halfe angelyke
Vnto thy heuenly spyrytys/almost egall
albeyt in some parte/I be to them vnlyke
for they be ordeyned/to endure perpetuall
and I wretched body/shall haue my funerall
When yt pleaseth/thy grace so to prouyde
Man ys not ordeyned/alway here to abyde
¶ Wherfore vnto thy souerayne and hygh estate
Most heuenly prynce/I make myne orysons
Syth yt hath pleased/thy noble grace algate
That I vnworthy/of so great renown
In thys world/shall have possessyon
thou gyue me grace/my selfe to enure
as may me profyte/and be to thy pleasure
¶ God hath herd thy prayer/makynd no dout
In all thy requestys/and ryght full petycyon
Now forth thy iournay/and loke well about
that thou be not/deceyued by fals prodycyon
Let reason the gouerne/in euery condycyon
for yf thou do not/to hys rule inclyne
yt wylbe to thy great myschef and ruyne
¶ I wot well sensualyte/perto the naturall

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And graunted to the/in thy furst creacyon
But not wythstandyng/yt ought to be ouerall
Subdued to reason/and vnder hys iurysdyccyon
Thou hast now lybertye/and nedest no mayntenaunce
And yf thou abond the/to passyons sensuall
Sure dele thy lybertye/thou shalt wax thrall
sensus ¶ What lady nature/haue I none interesse
lyte. As well as reason/or innocency
Thanke ye thys lady/a good processe
That they are anamered/and I let go by
ye know ryght well/that I ought naturally
Byfore all other/to haue of hym the cure
I am the chyef perfeccyon of hys nature
¶ Alas what coulde/the sely body do
Or how sholde yt lyue/ne were the helpe of me
Certes yt could not well/crepe nor go
At the lest wyse yt shuld/neyther sele here nor se
But be as other/incensate bodys be
Iyn mouche wure case/than wormes o sthe grounde
In whyche vnneth/any tokyn of lyfe ys founde
¶ Me semeth yt shuld/abhorr hym for to here
That I destrayned/shuld be in any wyse
Standynge that I/was create tobe hys fere
Of all hys gurdyng/to take thenterpryse
And now ye put me out of hys seruyce
And haue assygned/reason to be hys gyrde
Wyth innocencye hys noryse/thus am I set a syde
¶ Ye clepe hym lorde/of all bestys kyuynge
And nothyng worthy/as far as I can se
For yf there be in hym/no maner of felynge
Ne no kynely quykenes/what lorde ys he
A lorde made of clowt/or karued out of tre
And fareth as an ymage/graued out of stone
That nothyng ellys can do/but stande alone
¶ If ye intend/hym to contyne w longe
In honour/or worldly felycyte
He most nedys folow/hys apetyte amonge
And conferme hym selfe/to the more parte
I tell you mery/wyll haue no deynte
to do seruyce/or homage to a blocke
all the world wyll/thynke yt but a mocke
¶ Suffer me therfore/to haue wyth hym a rome
and to be wyth hym/as chyef counseyll

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and yf he do so/ I thynke to dome
He shall reygn in the World/ as chyef gouerner
But yf Reason/ tyrryll hym in the ere
Or bere hym on hand the how ys good
He shall neuer be able/ to do erthly good
natur. ¶ My frend as I/ sayd to you byfore
a Rome shall ye haue/ no man sayth nay
But reason must be/ preferred euermore
for he can best lede hym to the way
Of vertue and grace/ wherby he may
Longest contynue/ to goddys hygh pleasure
To ꝓ which end/ god hath ordeyned this hys creature
¶ Content thy selfe/ now with Reason my frend
And medyll the no further/ than thou hast to do
Thou hast brought many a man/ to a wretched end
And so thou woldyst spyll/ hys creature also
But what so euer he say/ take no hede therto
Without that Reason/ spyll alow the same
for who so doth the contrary/ deserueth myche blame
¶ God and I Nature/ haue set the in better case
Than any creature/ vnder the fyrmament
Abuse not man/ abuse not thy grace
Of god almyghty/ that from aboue ys sent
Thou shalt be the fyrst/ that shall repent
If euer thou fle/ Reason and sue foly
When onys thou felest/ the smert of mysery
¶ But be of comfort/ harbely god shall send
Both goostly ayd/ and worldly helpe also
And I shall neuer/ fayll vnto thy lyfes end
To mynyster vnto the/ as me oweth to do
To ryd ber the world/ whyche thou must nedys go
Now shape the thyder/ there ys no more to say
Thy lord and myne/ guyde the in thy way
Then Nature goeth out.
ꝑsona ¶ Well lady nature leue/ ye me in thys case
Shall I haue of you/ none other comfort
Yy cryst yet/ wyll I not hyde my face
for as sone as we/ shall to the world resort
I put no doubt/ he wyll me support
He hath ben my good mayster meny a day
And he wyll not se me/ thus cast away
¶ Reason.

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and yf he do so/ I thynke to dome
He shall reygn in the worlde/ as chyef gouerner
But yf Reason/ tyrryll hym in the ere
Or bere hym on hande the lowe ys good
He shall neuer be able/ to do erthly good
natur. My frend as I/ sayd to you byfore
a Rome shall ye haue/ no man sayth nay
But reason must be/ preferred euermore
for he can best lede hym to the way
Of vertue and grace/ wherby he may
Longest contynue/ to goddys hygh pleasure
To ꝙ wyche end/ god hath ordeyned this hys creature
Content thy selfe/ now with Reason my frend
And medyll the no further/ than thou hast to do
Thou hast brought many a man/ to a wrecches end
And so thou woldyst spyll/ hys creature also
But what so euer he say/ take no hede therto
Without that Reason/ wyll alow the same
for who so doth the contrary/ deserueth myche blame
God and I Nature/ haue set the in better case
Than any creature/ vnder the fyrmament
Abuse not man/ abuse not thy grace
Of god almyghty/ that from above ys sent
Thou shalt be the fyrst/ that shall repent
If euer thou fle/ Reason and sue foly
Whan onys thou felest/ the smert of mysery
But be of comfort/ harbely god shall send
Both goostly ayd/ and worldly helpe also
And I shall neuer/ fayll vnto thy lyfes end
To mynyster vnto the/ as me ought to do
To ꝑfect the world/ wherin thou must nedys go
Now shape the thyder/ there ys no more to say
Thy lord and myne/ guyde the in thy way
Then Nature goeth out.
sensu a Well lady nature leue/ ye me in thys case
Shall I haue of you/ none other comfort
Yy cryst yet/ wyll I not hyde my face
for as sone as we/ shall to the world resort
I put no doubt/ he wyll me support
He hath ben my good mayster many a day
And he wyll not se me/ thus cast away
Reason.

Be not so passyonate/me yt so surpouse
thou turmentyst thy selfe/and wotyst not why
No welk aduysed body/wyll be meany hyng thus
Be sure thy mynde/is all erronyous
thou takyst a selfe well/and strong oppynyon
Whyche shalbe thyn and others confusyon
sensua Tye Reason/yr ye spekc/lyke a noble man
but yet are ye take/with a poynt of ouerssyght
What wold ye make me/stand as a lordan
And not spekc one word/for myne owyn ryght
I se yt well/that yf your lordshyp myght
By meanes possyble/onys bryng yt about
your selfe shuld be a ruler/and I but a nought
Rea. A rular rectes and so I ought to be
and a lord also/though ye say yt in scorne
sensua A lorde/whose lord. Rea. Thy lord
sensua May so mote I the
thou kyest/yt may no lengar be forborne
thou canyst but to myght/& mayst hap go to mourne
for yf thou be as haute/as thou begynnest
thou shalt anoyd/myche sonar than thou wennyst
Rea. As for myne anoyaunce/hold sone so euer yt be
It shall not skyll/as for thys intent
But he that fyrst flyeth/or forsaketh me
Se shall haue gretest/occasyon to repent
It shalbe to hys great trouble and turment
that he hath left Reason/and sued hys owyn foly
that therby ys fallen/to wreched penury
But now as touchyng/the honour and degre
that I am ordeyned to/I wyll thou vnderstande
that almyghty god/of hys grace and bounte
Of the and suche/hath gyuen me the ouer hande
And wyll that I vse/the as a seruande
to aduyse the and reforme the/when thou gyuest to erre
And to clepe the homwards/yf thou rayll to far
And where thou sayst/thou art so necessary
that man wythout the/can haue no lyuyng
as in that poynt/be shall not myche vary
I wote thou art necessary/to hys beyng
But be thou sure/that ys not the very thyng
That maketh hym/to appere so wonderouse
and to be in hys nature so noble and precyouse

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Another perfeccyon/and vertuouse naturall
for sensualyte/in very dede
Is but a meane/whyche causeth hym to fall
In to moche folye/and maketh hym bestyall
So that there ys no dyfference/in that at the leest
Yf wyll man/and an vnreasonable beest
¶But this other/cometh of great tenderalice
and spyrytuall loue/that god oweth to mankynde
Whom he hath create/to hys owne semblaunce
and endued/with a wonderouse mynde
Wherby he may well dyscerne and fynde
Substyall dyfference/betwyxt good and bad
Whyche ys to be left/and whyche ys to be had
¶So thys ys yt/that doth hym dygnyfye
and causeth hym to be/reputed so excellent
and of all thys/the chyef doar am I
Whyche from heuen in to erth by god am sent
Only for that cause/and fynall intent
That I shuld thys hye creature/demean and guyde
For the season that he doth in thys world abyde
¶Now compare thy vertues/and myne together
and say whyche ys/the worthyar of theym to
sensua ¶Whyche ys the worthyar.forsoth I trow neyther
Be be good felowye.¶Re. May my frend not so
Thou ought to obey me/where so euer I go
sensua ¶Nay that shall I neuer do/for to dye
I shalbe thy felow be/lefe thou neuer so hye
¶And therfore hardely/be sumwhat felowlyke
Leue thyn hawt conceytys/and take a metely way
For shame of the world man/let vs not stryke
At a mater of ryght nought/and traueys here all day
Lane me in fe[illegible] wordys man/and hark what I say
Medyll thou in no poynt/that belongeth to me
and I shall promyse the/neuer to medyll wyth the
¶And standyng the nonage/of thys gentylman
On my perell/take no care therfore
I shall be ware yt/as well as I can
tyll he be passyd.xl.yerys and more
and reason they/yf ye wyll vnderstore
Dys croked old age/when lusty youth ys spent
Than take vppon you.I hold me content
¶For trust ye me/the very trouth ye thys
thys man ys put/in hys owne lybertye



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And certaynly/the fre chopce ye hys
Whedꝛ he wyll be gouerned/by the or by me
Let be therfore put yt/to hys owne ieopardye
and therin stande/to hys arbytrement
To whyche of be twayne/he had leuer assent

Rea. Nay symnot so/I knowe hys fraylte
the boby ys/dysposed for to fall
Rather to the worse/than the better parte
Wuryt be holpen/by powder supernall

sensua Yet Reason/whan thou hast sayd all
yf thou se hym not/take hys owne way
Call me cut/when thou metest me a nother day

Rea. For certayne yet/accordyng to myne office
I must aduertyse/and counsell hym at the lest
to hawnt vertue/and schewe all vyce
And therin assyst hym/to the vttermest
and yf he wyll/algatys be a best
And take none hede/to my lore and doctryne
The parell and hurt/shalbe hys and not myne

Anno. Hys I shall answere/for thys may as yet
That he ys mayden/for all suche foly
as sholde dystayne nature/or dyshonour yt
Wrought vp wyth me/full well and tenderly
Wherfore I dare/the surelyar testyfye
for innocencye/that he ys yet vnspotted
Both for dede/and ele consent of syn
And lengar wyll not I be of hys acquayntaunce
Than he ys vertuouse/and of good lyuyng
for fleshly lust/and worldly pleasaunce
ys wyth innocencye/nothyng accordyng
But yf hys behauyour/and dayly demeanyng
Be of suche draught/as reason wyll alow
I shall hym fauour/and loue as I do now

sensua Well spoken and wysely/now haue ye all done?
Or haue ye ought elys/to thys man to say

Rea. O syr ye. Sensualy.pece no more of thys dysputacyon
Here be many fantasyes/to dryue forth the day
That one chatreth lyke a pye/that other lyke a iay
And yet whan they both/haue done what they can
Magry theym teeth/I shall rule the man

Man.

O blessyd lord/what maner stryf ys thys
Betwyxt my reason/and sensualyte

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That one meneth well/and that all other dampne
In one ye seuerne s/and in tother great frayle
And both they be/so annexed to me
That nedest I must/with one of them abyde
Lorde as thou thynkyst best/for me do prouyde
¶ For I am wonderously/entryked in thys case
and almost brought/into perplexyte
Not withstandyng/thanked be thy grace
as I dyd neuer assent/ne aggre
To thynge that sholde/be contrarynesse vnto the
Of synfull ded/and thought all innocent
Hubbuyd to reason/as hys obedyent
Rea. ¶ Cryst graunt you therin/good contynuaunce
to be euer/of the same mynde and intent
But now wyll ye call/to your remembraunce
for what cause/ye be hyder sent
I hold ye well done/and ryght expedyent
that ye were brought/vnto the worldys presence
Man. ¶ Be yt so in goddys name/I pray you go we hens
Rea. ¶ And wyll ye that I/shall for you declare
Vnto the world/the cause of your comyng
What ys your intent/and what parson ye are
Man. ¶ Ye I hold be glad/that euery thyng
Be done euen/after your desyryng
sensua ¶ Shall I than stand/as I were tong tyde
¶ Man.
Ye hardely/tyll reason hame sayd
Rea. ¶ Hyr world/yt ys the mynde and also pleasure
Of lady nature/as she had be to you tell
that ye accept/and receyue thys her creature
Wyth you for a season/here to dwell
Desyryng you hartely/to entreat hym well
wyth all the fauour/that ye can deuyse
Wherin ye shall do her/great pleasure and seruyce
¶ The Worlde.
¶ Hyr ye be welcome/to be hartely
your messagye ys/to be ryght acceptable
Be ye assured/there ys nothyng erthly
to be so ioyfull/ne yet so delectable
As to be acquaynted/with parsons honorable
Namely souch/as ye seme to be
Men of hygh honour/and of great dygnyte
¶ And as touchyng the message/that ye haue brought



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Assuryng you/that our hyst thought
Shalbe to do/dame natures commaundement
and thereunto/we wyll be dylygent
To do her pleasures/in that we may
And so we wold/ye shold to her say
¶ And were ye shewd/vnto me that thys may
Be ordeyned to reygne/here in thys empyre
I assent well/for or nature began
To shape the world/she thought fynally
to ordeyne man/therin to occupy
Me to take vppon hym/our mayghty gouernaunce
Obeyng all thyng/subdued to hys power.
¶ Wherfore I receyue/gretly hys comyng
Manlynde syr/hartely welcome ye be
ye are the parsone/wythout sayenyng
that I haue euermore/desyred to se
Come let me ses you. O benebeyte
ye be all naked/alas man why thus
I make you sure/yt is ryght perylous.

¶ Man.

¶ I thanke you/but I neede none other vesture
Nature hath clothed me/as yet sufficyently
Lytles of syn/and as a mayden pure
I were on me/the garment of innocencye

Imno. ¶ Ye hardely were that garment contynually
It shall thy body/sufficyently saue gard
from stormy weder my lyfe to ieopard

¶ The worlde.

¶ Be pere/fayre woman ye ar not very wyse
Care ye not/yf thys body take cold
ye must conyder/thys is not paradyse
Ne yet so temperate/by a thousand fold
Whose so lyueth here/be he yong or old
He must suffer/both feruent cold and hete
And be out of temperaunce/oft tyme in hys dyet
¶ Also he must nedys/do as the worlde doth
That intendeth any whyle/here to reygne
And folow the gyse that now a day goth
As for as hys estate/may yt mayntayne
And who doth the contrary/I wyll be playne
He is abyect/and dyspysed vtterly
and standeth euer bane shed/from all good company

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Assuryng you/that our byssy thought
Shalbe to do/dame natures commaundement
and therunto/we wyll be dylygent
To do her pleasures/in that we may
And so we wold/ye shold to her say
¶ And were ye shewd/vnto me that thys may
Is ordeyned to reygne/here in thys empyre
I assent well/for or nature began
To shape the world/she thought fynally
to ordeyne man/therin to occupy
Or to take vppon hym/an myghty gouernce
Hauyng all thyng/subdued to hys power.
¶ Wherfore I receyue/gretly hys comyng
Manlynde syr/hartely welcom ye be
ye are the parsone/wythout fayntyng
that I haue euermore/desyred to se
Come let me kys you. O benedycyte
ye be all naked/alas may why thus
I make you sure/yt is ryght perylous.

¶ Man.

¶ I thanke you/but I nede none other vesture
Nature hath clothed me/as yet sufficyently
Spyttles of syn/and as a mayden pure
I were on me/the garment of innocencye

Imno. ¶ Ye hardely were that garment contynually
It shall thy body/sufficyently sauegard
from stormy weder my lyfe to reparde

¶ The worlde.

¶ Be pere/fayre woman ye are not very wyse
Care ye not/yf thys body take cold
ye must conyder/thys is not paradyse
Ne yet so temperate/by a thousand fold
Whose so lyueth here/be he yong or old
He must suffer/both feruent cold and hete
And be out of temperaunce/oft tyme in hys dyet
¶ Also he must nedys/do as the worlde doth
That intendeth any whyle/here to reygne
And folow the gyse that now a day goth
As for as hys estate/may yt mayntayne
And who doth the contrary/I wyll be playne
He is abyect/and dyspysed vtterly
and standeth euer banyshed/from all good company

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[illegible]
To dwell here/in thys erthly regyon
Of conuenyence/he must hym selfe apply
To worldly thyngs/and be of suche condycyons
As all men be/and leue erbe send oppynyon
That ys not applyable/of wyser men than he
to take suche way/yt ys but vayne.
¶ Take thys garment/may do as I you bydde
Be not ashamed/but bely to do yt on
Ho lo/now thys gurdell/have gurd yt in the myd
And thys for your hed/go set yt vpp on
By the charge of me/you be a goodly one
As euer I sawe/syth ỳ I was borne
Wyth a thousand/that ye here be forne.
¶ Gyue me your hand/be not in fere
Hyt doth fyt/as ye ar borne to occupye thys place
I gyue you here/auctorite and power
Ouer all thynge/that conceyued ys in the spere
Of all the erth/that rollyd ys in compace
To be as lord/of euery regyon
and therof I gyue you/ye shalle possessyon.

¶ Man.

¶ Blessyd be thou/my lord most bounteouse
that of thy great/abundant cherite
Me thy wretched creature/hast honoured thus
Wyth naturall gyftys/and worldly dygnite
Now I beseke the/for thy great pyte
Syth thou hast set me/in so noble way
Suffer me not here after/wretchedly to decay
¶ For certes yt ys/myne hartys desyre
Ho to dremayn me/in thys lyfe present
As may be most/vnto thy pleasure
and vnto nature/not dysconuenyent
Thys ys my wyll/and my chyef intent
thys wyll I obserue/thy grace to hold
though I therfore/suffer mouche worldly sorow

Rea. ¶ For soth these wordys/be gretly to alow
yf they from mekc/and lowly hart procede
Now mankynde/syth thou hast made thys vow
Beware therafter/thy lyfe to lede
And let thy wordys/be conseyn to thy dede
that ys to say/do thou none other wyse

Imo. Than thou here openly/to god dost promyse

¶ Ye ſpryngeth out/ſuche thyng ye complayne
Not onely from debe/but alſo from theaſſente
So that ye cõmynt/neyther of theym obayn
yf ye wyll obſerue/the hygh commaundement
For ſurely ye may/not be cleped innocent
Nor gyltles of ſyn/as for as I can fynde
yf onys ye aſſent/to folý in your mynde.

¶ Mundus.

¶ Thys ys an harde worde/ſyſter that ye haue ſpoken
An hard worde ſurely/and an heuy ſentence
But thynk ye goddys/commaundement broken
For a lyght tryfull/and mater of inſolence
Alas haue ye ſuche a ſpyced cõſcyence
That wyll be entryked/wyth euery mery thought
Leue yt woman leue yt./for yt ys nought

loquitur ad ho. ¶ And man as for you/ye ſhall not take that way
That maner of obſeruaunce/ys to hard and ſtrayte
ye muſt attempte the worlde/and therin aſſay
Whether ye can lyue/after that enbrayde
Theſe.ii. folke/harp both on reſtrayte
and euer enbeſyeth theym/to rebuke your ſyn
¶ That neuer was ſpotted/ne fonde gylty therin
take none hede of theym/theyre wordys be but wynde
and as for thys tyme/I commaunde theym to ſylence
And let be ſe now/how prately ye can fynde
By ſage polycy/and worldly prudence
To maynteyne the ſtate/in honour and reuerence
that ye ſhall be in/whyle ye in the world dwell
Dyete of thys mater/and ponder yt well
¶ fyrſt me ſemeth neceſſary/to prouyde
What maner folkys/your ſeruauntys ſhall be
For ſurely ye ar/nothyng accompanyde
accordyng/to a man of your degre
ye haue here wyth you.ii.perſons or.iii.
That pleaſeth you happely/in the beſt wyſe
yet yt appereth not ſo/to euery mannys ye.

¶ What man ys thys.

¶ Man.

¶ Reaſon ſyr my chyef conſelour
And thys innocency/my noryce hyderto
And ſenſualyte that other/by whom I haue power
To do/as all ſenſate beſtys do
But reaſon and innocency/chyefly theſe two

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Haue the hole rule/and gouerny of me
To [illegible]m ete ye subdued/my sensualyte
sensua For certayne syr/reason hath done me wrong
More than euer he shalbe able to recompense
God knoweth syr I thought/the season very long
Tyll we were brought/vnto your presence
But now I pray you/to admyt the sentence
That nature gaue vnto me/by reasons aduyse
to my great hurt/and vttyr preiudyce
And syr I aske/none amendys erthly
But that reason/may haue a chek mate
A lytell knack/a lytell prayty congy
Dys haut corage/some thynge to abate
For hyderto/he hath kept great estate
And had of me/the ouer hande and strengar
But ye not displeased/I wyll suffer yt no lengar

Mundus.

Thou hast had great wrong/and that ye pyte
For yf thou be the parson/that I take the fore
thou sholdyst be/as honorable as he
sensua Lord ye say well/but woldgod ye wold se
Some maner helpe/and remedy for thys cuyll
And let me not alway/tyne thys lyke a dryuyll

Mundus.

Syr ye know well/that yf so yt were
A man shold sodenly/come to a straunge place
Wherin he ys/but alyand and straunger
He must nedys be/compelled in that case
to put hym selfe/in the fauour and grace
Of some syngler person/that can shew hym the way
Of all the behauour/and gyse in that contray
Tho yt ys now/that ye be hyder sent
thys contray as yet/to you vnknowen
In myne opynyon/yt ys expedyent
to take some other counsell than your a done
Of well enured men/suche as haue growne
In worldly experyence/and haue therof the bryst
And can best for you/in tyme of nede stryst

Homo.

Certes ye mouue/tryght well and prudently
and I am well content/that yt so be
But as yet/haue I not the polycy
To know whyche men/haue most abylyte

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[illegible]. Dare ye commyt/the mater vnto me
Homo. Ye syr/ryght well/I am fully content
That all thynge be done/by your assygnement
Mun. Thā thus I wyll/that aboue all thyng
From hens forward/ye be lyke and conformable
Vnto other persones/in all your demeanyng
Namely to suche/as be companable
Be they neuer so perpouse/or abhominable
For euery man/cleppeth hym wyse
That doth after the comen gyse.
And as for men/that shold do you seruyce
I know dyuers persones/that be ryght honorable
That can you serue/alway poynt deuyce
In all the worlde/be there none so able
So wyse/so polytyke/ne yet so profytable
Lo here ys one of theym/that I speke fore
and he hym selfe can tell you/where ye shall haue more
Worldly affeccyon ys thys mannys name
He ys well blayned/and wonderous of inuencyon
a fore castyng man/and parne of shame
ye shall not fynde/in any cryssten regyon
a wyser felow/in thyngys to be done
Specyally of materes/that be concernyng
Worldly pleasure/that ys for you accordyng
Suffer hym therfore/neuer to departe
But yf yt be/for materes of great substaunce
and for sensualyte/I pray you wyth all my harte
To accept hym to your fauour and tendraunce
He hath ben longe/of myne acquayntaunce
and on my fayth/my harte can not but grudge
To thynke that ye shold vse hym as a drudge
Do as he aduyseth you/hardely now and than
and dyspyse not/vtterly hys counsell
Thynke that ye be here/a worldly man
and must do as men/that in the world dwell
ye ar not bounde/to lyue lyke an aungell
Ne to be as god/alway immutable
Mannys nature/of hym selfe ys full myserable
I haue tolde you now/my counsell and aduyse
And ye haue promysed/to be ruled therby
Now let eche man/execute hys offyce
and se how wysely/ye can theym occupy
To encreace the gold/and yt therto ye must apply

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I ſhalbe to you/euer good and proſperouſe
Man. Thyr I thank you/of thys curteſy
Vnde ſeruēd as yet/but be ye ſure
I ſhall my ſelfe/endeuour byſyly
to do that may be/to your pleaſure
And for the ſeaſon/that I ſhall her endure
I ſhall therin cheryce/and to my po'wer mayntayne
That vnto you in any wyſe ſo partayne
p Wor. Than to bygyn wyth all/I wyll aduyſe you
to put thys man/from your company
I tell you/euery man wyll deſpyſe you
As long as ye/be ruled by innocency
to folow ſuche counſell/yt ys but foly
for he can neyther good neyther euyll
and therfore he ys taken/but for a dryuyll
Man. By my fayth/euyn as ye ſay
It lyketh me not ryght well
Wyth innocency longe to dwell
therfore accordyng to your counſell
I wyll not after thys day
Wyth hys company my ſelfe affere
As me thet as yt were a gray frere
I ſuppoſe there ys no man here
What ſoeuer he be
That could in in hys mynde be content
all wayes to be called an innocent
Wherfore yt ys myne intent
to do as ye aduyſe me
p Wor. Ye hardely do euyn ſo
Inno. Forſoth and I hold me well content
to departe at your commaundement
ye ſhall fynde me obedyent
What ſoeuer ye byd me do
Here innocencye goeth out.
ſenſua Tho the company ys well amend
Let hym go to the deuyll of hell
He ys but a boy I warn you well
and ſhuld ye folow hys counſell
All myghty god defend
yf euer ye luſt to play the man
It ys tyme that ye now bygan
Mary to play the boy now and then



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It forceth not though ye do
When ye may haue leyser therto
And among I wyll helpe you also
In due tyme and place

P Wor. Tye that ye wyll in dede
But now syr wyll ye any thyng
Commaund me byfore my departyng

Man. Nothyng at all to my wetyng
But our lord haue you in hys kepyng
And send you well to spede

P Wor. Worldly affeccyon come hyder/ye are polytyke
and mych better enured/in thys world than I
I pray you dyspose for me/as ye thynk most lyke
That I may lyue here well and honorably

P Wor. Tye syr I shall. Dout ye not hardely
yf yt lyke you/to put me in so great trust
And I trew ye shall fynde me/trew and iust

Man. I wote well I shall. Surely you be bound
To the world/that hath gruen you so great cõmendacyon

P Wor. Tye syr some men had leuer than a thousand pound
They myght be commended/of the same fassyon
But syr let passe/all thys commendacyon
and answere to me/I pray you trusefully
In that I shall serue you/substancyally
Thyr at fyrst wordys/I you exhorte
Syth that ye be come to your offyce
Cast your selfe to bere suche a porte
That as ye be/ye may be knowen
Ellys yt ys necessary/for that behoue
that there be made/some maner of purueyance
Wherby/ye may bere out your countenaunce
Wyll yt lyke you therfore/that I survey
And se the extent/of all your land
and there vpon/in all the hast purvey
Both for you and yours/all maner of Stuffe
With other Stewsyls/redy at your hande
So that ye be purueyd/all tymes erely and late
Of eche thyng/that belongeth to your estate

Man. Your counsell ys good/do as ye thynk best
I commyt all suche thyng/to your discrecyon
I shall do my trew/dylygence at the lest
To bryng all thynges/to good conclusyon

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I ſhalbe to you/euer good and proſperouſe
Man. Syr I thank you/of thys curteſy
Vnde ſerued as yet/but be ye ſure
I ſhall my ſelfe/endeuour bryſly
to do that may be/to your pleaſure
And for the ſeaſon/that I ſhall her endure
I ſhall therin cherysce/and to my power mayntayne
That vnto you in any wyſe do partayne
p Wor. Than to bygyn wyth all/I wyll aduyſe you
to put thys man/from your company
I tell you/euery man wyll deſpyſe you
As long as ye/be ruled by innocency
to folow ſuche counſell/yt ys but foly
For he can neyther good neyther euyll
and therfore he ys taken/but for a dryuyll
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and mych better enured/in thys worlde than I
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That I may lyue here well and honorably

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And I trede ye shall fynde me/trede and iust

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But syr let passe/all thys commendacyon
and answere to me/I pray you trusefully
In that I shall meue you/substancyally
Thyr at fyrst wordys/I you etholde
Syth that ye be come to your owin
Cast your selfe to bete suche a porte
That as ye be/ye may be knowen
Ete yt ys necessary/for that behoue
that there be made/some maner of purueyaunce
Wherby/ye may bere out your countenaunce
Wyll yt lyke you therfore/that I survey
And se the rent/of all your land
and there vppon/in all the hast purvey
Both for you and yours/all maner of vytayll
Syth other stensyles/redy at your hand
So that ye be purueyd/all tymes erely and late
Of ethe thyng/that belongeth to your estate

Man. Your counsell ys good/do as ye thynk best
I commyt all suche thyng/to your dyscrecyon
I shall do my trede/byfyres at the lest
To bryng all thynges/to good conclusyon

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Who ſhuld a wayt/and gyue attendaunce
I muſt haue mo ſeruauntys/what ſo euer chaunce
S.aſſ. What ye haue Henſualyte/ax neuer other counſell
Of ſuche mater/he can you beſt adwyſe
He knoweth where/all ſuche maner perſons dwell
as be moſte apte/to do you worſhyp ſarwyce
ſenſua Then he goeth out.
Fye on my parell ſyr/I ſhall take the enterpryſe
Of all ſuche maters/and loke where I fynde
any man of pleaſure/on hym ſet your mynde
Lo wyll ye ſe lo/here cometh one
Man. Euen the laſt man/that was in my thought
What ys he. Henſua. ye ſhall ſe anon
a well dreſſed man ys he/and a well taught
That wyll not gyue hys hed for nought
And therto goodly/as ye ſhall ſe in a day
pry.co. As well apparelyd/at eche poynt of hys aray
Who dwelleth here/wyll no man ſpeke
Is there no ſole nor body peke
Now by the bell yt were almys to breke
Some of theſe knaues brode
A gentylman comys in at the dorys
That all hys dayes hath worn gylt ſpurys
And none of thys knaues nor cutted horys
Bydys hym welcom to houſe.
Wote ye not how great a lord I am
Of how noble progeny I cam
My faber a knyght my my moder callyd madame
Myne aunceters great eſtatys.
And now the lyuelod ys to me fall
By both theyre dethes naturall
I am ſpoken of more than they all
Dens to parys gatys.
How ſay ye ſyrſt by myne aray
Doth yt plea ſe you ye or nay
In the beſt wyſe I dare well ſay
By that ye knowe me a whyle
And one thyng I put you out of doute
I haue wherwyth to bere yt out
As well as any man here about
Wythin theſe hundreth myle.

a ſtaryng colour of ſcarlet red
I promyſe you a fyne threde
and a ſoft wulle
It coſt me a noble at one pyche
The ſcald cappet ware fyth pche
That yt coſt hym euen as myche
But there Pryde had a pulle
I loue yt well to haue ſyde here
Halfe a note hyneth myne ere
for euer more I ſtande in fere
That myne neke ſhold take cold
I knyt yt vp all the nyght
and the day tyme kemb yt down ryght
And the yt cryſpeth and ſhyneth as bryght
as any pyrled gold
My doublet ys on laced byfore
A ſtomacher of ſatyn and no more
Rayn yt ſnow yt neuer ſo ſore
Me thynketh I am to hote
Than haue I ſuche a ſhort gowne
With wyde ſleues that hang a downe
They wold make ſome lad in thys town
a doublet and a cote
Hom me wold thynk ỳ this were pryde
But yt ys not ſo/ho ho abyde
I haue a dagger by my ſyde
yet therof ſpake not I
I boughte thys dagger at the marte
A ſharp poynt and a tarte
He that had yt in hys hart
Were as good to dye
Than haue I a ſwerde or ellayn
To bere theym my ſelfe yt were a payne
They ar ſo heuy that I any fayne
to puruey ſuche a lad
Though I ſay yt a prety boy
It ys halfe my lyues ioy
He maketh me laugh with many a toy
The wethyn ys ſo mad
I begate the horſon in haſt
It was done all in haſt
ye may ſe there was no waſte

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Sometyme he serueth me at borde
Sometyme he bereth my two hand sword
Com forth thou lytell lyke lord
Lobe my fadres face
But now to be that I com fore
And of these thyngys to spede no more
Marke thys me longeth sore
To here some merthe
I here say there ys a great state
Com in to thys countrey late
And ys dysposed algate
an housholder to be
Fathers soule sys/ye shall vnderstãd
That yf he kepe housbold in thys land
I wyll threst in one hand
Who so euer say nay
What so euer the man intend
To appayre the world eyther to amend
I wylbe wyth hym at that one end
Hap what hap may
I mete worlde[illegible] ere I dyne
from thys to ten I haue a wyne
and he hath shewed me a pratty whyle
If I may put yt in vre
He tellys me that Sensualyte
Begynnys a great rule to be
and yf yt be so/care not for me
The mater ys colde sure
By good lord what man ys that
Fathers soule thys ys some great bast
garcio. This ys he that ye seeke
Pryde He thys brat
Thys boy ys passyng taunte
Com behynd and folowe me
Set out the better leg I warne the
garcio. Yes in the best wyse trust ye me
ake seygnioure ake house awant
Pryde Haluo to you syr. Mā. to you also
Whens are ye
Pryde I shall tell you or I go
But fyrst wold I speke a worde or no
Wyth thys seruant of yours



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Dryde Eye for god are ye not Hensualyte
sensua Eyes surely. ¶Dryde. ye such a gentylman ye seme to be
sensua Eyour pore seruaunt at all howrys

¶Then Dryde speketh to Hensua./in/hys ere that all may here.

Dryde ¶Syr I vnderstand that this gentylman is bounde to great
fortunes and entendeth to inhabyt therein the contray. And
I am a gentylman ꝑ alway hath be brought vp with great
estatys and affeed with them and yf I myght be in lyke fa-
uour with this gentylman I wold be glad therof/ꝑ do you
a pleasure.
sensua ¶Where ys your dwellynge
Dryde ¶I dwell her by
sensua ¶What ys your name
Dryde ¶Dryde
sensua ¶Dryde?
Dryde Eye surely
But I am cleped Worshyp comenly
In placys where I dwell.
sensua ¶Worshyp now in sayth ye saw trew
ye be radix viciorum. Rote of all vertew.
Dryde Eye ye man ye wolde say so yf ye me knew.
sensua ¶Turd I know you well
Syr ye are welcom as I may say
I shall bryng you in seruyce yf I may
And yf one man stand not in the way.
Dryde ¶One man what the deuyll ys he
sensua ¶By god one that loueth not the
Nor me neyther.
Dryde ¶I pray the tell me
What maner of man he ys
And I shall gyue hym a lyft as I gesse
sensua ¶Wylt thou so doubtlesse.
Dryde Eye and that within a short processe
In sayth I wyll not mysse.
sensua ¶Surely I can not spy the wayes how
Dryde ¶Let me alone I shall do well ynow
Aquaynt me with that may and care not thou
The mater shall spede
sensua ¶Dark cosyn fyrst spede thys mater
And yf pender may make the not good chere
As ony man that euer cam here

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Dyde Syr I shall tell the how/ whan I am
To thy mayster seruyce I wyll fyrst begyn
To set hys hart on a mery pyn
And bydd hym make good chere
I wyll bydd hym/ thynke how he ys create
To be a worthy potestate
And ellse that he ys pretermynate
to be a princes pere
And ellser thyngys more than thys
I shall bryng that hart of hys
To be more holde than yt ys
By a de wys ase
Specyally I wyll commende hys wyt
That no man can amende yt
And that he ys able therby to syt
as a iuge in comen place
And when I prayse hym thys wyse
I thynke hys hart wyll begyn to ryse
and after that vtterly dyspyse
any ouray counsell to here
He shall trust all to hys owne manere
and than wold Reuson neuer so fayne
Though he come and fruche ouer thwayne
He shalbe neuer the nere
fensua Surely thys conseyt ys well fownd
I shall bryng the in seruyce forthwyth pownd
Dyde Gramercy brother I thynk me much bownd
To the for thy curtesy
But syr abyde here on thyng
I wyll not be knowen that yt ys my desyryng
fensua No more wold I for.xl. skelyng
Let me alone hardely
fensua Syr yf yt ple ase you here ys come a straunger
That neuer was aquaynted with you ere
Somwhat shamefast and halfe in fere
To put hym selfe in prese
A goodly parsone be ye sure
Both of conuenyence and of feture
If he were dradly in portrayture
And a good man doubtles
ye and a wyse man at all
Wyll yt ple ase you that I hym call

to ſpeke wyth you. [illegible]

Syr wyll ye come nere.

Senſua ¶ Syr byd hym welcome for the maner ſake
Another day I am ſure he wyll crake
And ſay ſuche a gentylman dyd hym make
Very great chere
Deſyre hym for to dwell wyth you
I tell you he ys a man for your prow
and knoweth the world well I now
No man better than he

Man. ¶ Syr ye be welcom to thys place

Pryde ¶ I thanke you ſyr/but I do you treſpace
to come thus homly. ¶ Senſua.ye a parlous caſe
God wote ye are welcom hyder
Dy my fayth by my dyll
ye ſhall dwell wyth be ſtyll
Go nere to hym and talke your fyll
I leue you togeder

¶ He goeth forth.

Man. ¶ Now ſyr what haue ye to ſay to me

Pryde ¶ No great thyng ſyr/but I come to ſe
And to know what maner man ye be
That all men prayſeth ſo muche

Man. ¶ Prayſe whom prayſe they. ¶ Pryde. Mary you
Man me. ¶ Pryde. ye ſyr I make myne auow
They gyue you a prayſyng good I now
I harde neuer none ſuche
and ſurely ye be ryght worthy
I ſe well now they do not ly
and therefore I dyd my hyder by
To acquaynt me wyth you
But ye may ſay that I am bold

Man. ¶ May ye or worth thy weyght of gold
He thenketh me to you myche beholde
I pray you what ys your name

Pryde ¶ My name ys Worſhyp. ¶ Man. Worſhyp now ſurely
The world told me yt was my deſtyny
To come to Worſhyp or I dye

Pryde ¶ Truly I am the ſame

Man. ¶ Now Worſhyp I pray you me tell
your wyſedom and alſo counſell
ye can aduertyſe me paſſyng well
In thyngys that I haue to do

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Pryde In good fayth any thyng that I
May do to your pleasure ye ye truly
I am your owne and pray you hartely
That ye accept me so
But where ye aske counsell of me
Me semeth ye same not your honeste
Mary. Myne honesty. Wherfore let se
I pray you shewe me why
Pryde Mary syr for yt ye ryght syttyng
That a man of your behauyng
Shulde haue alway suffycyent coynyng
Of worldly wyt and polycy
To guyde hym selfe euery where
And not to be led by the ere
And beg wyt here and there
Of euery iak a pye
ye are well complexyoned be ye sure
And nature hath done on you here cure
As myche as vpon any creature
that euer I sawe with myne eye
And by lykelyhod syr I dye
ye haue wyt accordyng to your tyme
Dreslys nature hath wrought a mysse
And that ys not lykely
Mary. Now certayne thankes be herely lyeng
I haue a ryght quyck vnderstandyng
If ye shewe me any thyng
I can some perceyue yt
But I was forbyd by treason
On payne of my fantasyes to ren
Or to take any presumpcyon
Of myne owne wyt
Pryde Hayd treason. Mary fy on thy name
yt were better ȳ pleasure where i hue gaume
than euer the lewde fole shulde haue
the gouernaunce of you
Mary. Certayny nature abaysed me
to folowe treason What tyme that she
Put me fyrst in auctoryte
that I stande in now
Pryde Alas alas man ye be wode
I se well ye be but a dreppe heed
On my fayth I was very glad

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Of your fyrſt acquayntaunce
And now I forthynk yt vtterly
That euer I knew you fy fy fy
I hard neuer certaynly
Of ſuche a nother chaunce
Wyll ye draw to that felyſshyp
I wold ye had .iii. ſtrypes wyth a whyp
Euen vpon the bare hyp
If I ſhuld you not greue
Ye that wold lordſhyp enioy
And playe euer ſyll the old boy
Me ſemeth he doth but make a toy
And ye wyll me beleue
Man. Wurſhyp for goddys ſake greue ye not
Pryde Wyll ye ar but an yderot
I pray you ſyr make not me a ſot
I am no tryfler
I haue bene in honour here to forne
ye alow the counſell of a harle horne
Vyfore myne I haue yt in ſcorne
It ys a thyng I can not bere
Man. Whom meane ye Mayſter
Pryde Ye that ſame dawe
Man. What ys he a wyſe man
Pryde Ye ys afrayd
Becauſe he kepys you vnder awe
ye be therin blynd
Man. And ſo doth he without fayntyng
for hyderto I myght do nothyng
but after hys wyll and bydyng
And that groged my mynde
Pryde Grouge ye a yt ys no maruell hardely
It ſhall greue me certaynly
As longe as I am in your cumpany
To ſe you demeaned in that wyſe
ye be now in good way
but in fayth I lyke not your aray
It ys not the faſſyon that goth now a day
for now there ys a new guyſe
It ys now .ii. dayes a gon
Syth that men bygan thys faſſyon
And euery knaue had yt anon
Therfore at thys ſeaſon

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There ys no man that setteth thereby
If he loue hys owñ honesty
Man. Me thome semeth certaynly
That euery man ys fresshyer than I
And I wys that ys no reason
Here cometh in Worldly affec. & Sensua.
sensua Reason quoth and no
But syr wote ye what ye shall do
Hardely let vs .ii. go
To some tauern here byside
Com on I can bryng you there
and let them alone wyth all thys gere
Care ye nothyng for the mater
but let them here abyde
And ye wyll suffer and let them alone
ye shall se them deuyse you a new fassyon
That all the world shall wonder theron
Man. By god that wyll I do goodly
But I pray you sys do your dylygence
For thys aray and spare none expence
and for a whyle I wyll go hens
And come agayne shortly
Here Man and Sensualyte go out.
W.aff. Brother Pryde now the weyght
Of all thys mater resteth in the
Pryde Thushe thou shalt se me deuyse it eu̅ streyght
It ys but iapes that gere wyth me
I haue none other study a dayes parde
but how I may new fassyons fynde
and theron I set all my labour and mynde
Syr our mayster shall haue a gowne
That all the galandys in thys towñ
Shall on the fassyon wonder
It shall not be sowed but wyth a lace
betwyxt euery some a space
Of two handfull a sonder
Than a doublet of the new make
Close byfore and open on the bak
No sleue vpon hys arme
Under that a shyrt as soft as sylke
and as whyte as any mylke
to kepe the carcas warm
Than shall hys hosen be stryped
d.ii.

Wyth corseletys of fyne velure
Down to the hard kne
And fro the kne forwarde
Hys hosen shalbe freshely garde
Wyth colours .ii. or thre
And when he is in suche aray
There goth a rutter mery wyll say
a rutter huf a galand
ye shall se these soles on hym gose
and muse as yt were on a mase.
Newe brought into the land
V.aff. Ha ha ha now by the mary bygys
Thys wyll set hym on a mery pyn
Euen as yt should be
But euer I am in great fere
That Reason wyll whyster hym in the eye
and torne hys mynde clene fro thys gere
Thys thynge fereth me
Pryde Reason nay nay hardely
De ys forsaken vtterly
Syth I cam to hys company
De wold not onys appere
Neuer theles for a surte
Worldly affeccyon I abuyse the
as shortely as euer yt may be
For spede of the mater
To bryng hym shortly in acquaintaunce
Wyth all the company of myne affyaunce
and let them gyue contynuall attendaunce
Euery man bysyly
after the propertye of hys offyce
Than shall ye se hym vtterly forsake
Reasons counsell on warantyse
and forsake hym vtterly
sensua Nay nay sys care ye nothynge
That mater ys sped well and fyne
Pryde Is yt so. Sensua. ye by heuen kyng.
Euen as we sat togeder at the wyne
V.aff. Thou shalt haue godbys blessyng and myne
but ys yt true
sensua Ye syr by thys day
Our mayster and Reason haue made a great fray
Pryde How so

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sensua ¶ By my [illegible]e [illegible]ogether
at the tauern next herby
And anon who shuld̄ come together
but fleyng kat and margery
She that bygyled̄ you parde so prately
and̄ bare away your shyrt the last mornyng
Stede of her smok whyle ye lay slepyng
Pybe ¶ I wote whom ye meane well I now
but that ys nothyng to thys purpose
Tell on thy tale for god auow
sensua ¶ I shall anon bad I wypt my nose
Syr whan I spyde theym anon I rose
and called theym vnto me by name
And wythout more tarying anon they came
¶ And sat dowñ with vs/& made nothyng strang
as they be full curteys/ye know yt well
And anon our mayster colour bygan to chaunge
wherof yt cam/ I can not tell
Eyes chere was appalled/euery dell
and̄ scant that he coulde speke to me one word
But stert hym euen vp and rose fro the bord
¶ He sayd he wold go/& dowñ on a bed
and prayd̄ me for the maners sake
That margery myght com hold hys hede
Whyche as he told̄ me/ bygan to ake
And so she hath hym vndertake
To make hym hole/in an houre or twayne
Whan soeuer he hath any suche sodeyn payn
¶ What yt meaneth I wote neuer
But he lyketh her physyk so well
That I trow the deuyll of hell
Can not theym two dysseuer
¶ Lo thys haue I done/and̄ what trow ye more
yet can I tell you better tydyng
¶ Worldly aff. What ys that.
sensua ¶ Mary Reason that ye two spake of byfore
Cam euen to vs as we sat so brynkyng
And gaue our mayster an hete wouth on hangyng
Because that margery sat on hys kne
Whyle that other hore sat talkyng wyth me
¶ My mayster saw that he coulde haue no rest
Nor neuer be tyd̄ of thys controllyng
He played the man and thought ye best

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and wyth an angry lokie/to my semyng
Dreᵂ out hys sword wythout more tarpeng
and smote Reason so on the heᵂ
That I haue great maruayll but he be noᵂ debe,
W.aff. CMary than fyll all the cuppes at ones
If thys be treᵂ
sensua Cyes by these.x.bones
I lye neuer a worᵂ
Dryde CTrowyst thou yt ys no fayneᵂ stryfe
Wyl wyst they my two
sensua CNo on my lyfe.
For when they faught I ran bytweene
and cryed kepe pece and leue debate
But ye wold haue laughed had ye sene
Howᵂ I departeᵂ them/and for all that
Hometyme I clappeᵂ Reason on the pate
and cryed kepe the pece as fast as I coude
Tyll I was horse I cryeᵂ so loude
W.aff. CBut can our master play the may noᵂ
and face wyth thys gere
sensua Cye make god anoᵂ
And be ware ye of one thyng
Medyll ye no more wyth margery
For by coldys precyouse body
If our mayster may yt espy
Or haue an vnderstanbyng
That ye be her company
I tell you he wyll be angry
He ys so full of ielosy
As euer I kneᵂ may
W.aff. CIelosy pece may be styll
He can therof no maner of skyll
sensua CNo but say what ye wyll
I am sure he can
CHe ys noᵂ as fampleyer
Wyth bodely lust as euer ye were
ye and therto as great a seruer
When tyme requyres
Kneᵂ I neuer of hys age
A man of better corage
To bo all maner of outrage
After our desyres
CWyth Reason and he were thus at barpaunce

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He hath be full of ſuche daliaunce
And hath called to hys fauour and acquayntaunce
your kynnesmen by and by
Enuy wreth glotony and couetyse
Slouth and lechery become to hys seruyce
And vtterly he hatyth theyr contraryse
And that he profesſeth openly

B.aſſ. And be theſe folke of hys retynue

Sensua Ye euerychon on I tell you trew
Out mary there names be chaunged new
for to blere hys eye
I tell you he ys a ſerefull man
for Reaſon ſkyuyth hym now and than
And therfore do we what we can
It ys lytell I now hardely
Hyr a there ys fyrſt Pryde as ye wot well
The ſwete barlynge of the deuyll of hell
How hys name ys chaunged ye can tell

B.aſſ. Ye mary on the beſt wyſe
Wurſhyp I wene ys now hys name

Sensua Ye by the rode euen the ſame
And couetyſe to eſchue all blame
Doth hys name dyſgyſe
And calleth hym ſelfe worldly polycy
Wreth bycauſe he ys ſomwhat haſty
Is called manhode. They ys there enuy
and he ys called dyſdayn
Glotony for good felyſhyp ys taken
and slouth hys old name hath forſaken
And as fayre a name hath he ſhapen
as euer man coulde ordayn
For ys called eaſe ryght conforthable to the bloud
Specyally for them that luſte to do no good
and amonge all other I wold ye vnderſtode
That lechery ys called luſt
Lo theſe be fayre names parde
Both good and honeſt as ſemeth me
as for theyr condycyons what they be
ye knowe well

B.aſſ. Very iuſt
I knowe theyr condycyons on the beſt wyſe
yf they kepe ſtyll theyr old gyſe

Sensua Yes that they do on warantyſe

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W.aff. ¶ But yet I haue a great marnayll
that courtyse shuld dwell in hys company
sensua ¶ By my trouth lo/and so haue I
But one thyng I ensure you faythfully
And that I haue espyed well
that hyderto our mayster setteth no store
By hys councell nor hys lore
Mary whan hys hed waxeth hore
than shalbe good season
To folow courtyse and hys way
ye tyme I now a nother day
Enen so I hard our mayster say
W.aff. ¶ By my fayth he sayd but reason
but all the remanent be well retayned
sensua ¶ ye be ye sure yt ys mater vnfayned
And wote ye who ys gretely dysdayned
Wyth our mayster now
Pryde ¶ Who
sensua ¶ By god euen shamfastnes
whan he shall do any suche excesse
No shame can fere hym doubtles
I may say to you
Pryde ¶ No than the craft were nought
but now ys well bethought
Syth the mater ys hereto brought
It ys tyme for me
To go and make some prouysyon
Of garnementys after the new inuencyon
As he commaunded me to be don
therto must I se
for yt ys committed to my negligence
And yf he come hyder whyle I am hens
I pray the excuse myne absens
sensua ¶ ye and myne also
Pryde ¶ Why wylt thou go wyth me
sensua ¶ Wyll I go a ye parde
It ys accordyng for sensualyte
Wyth Pryde for to go
W.aff. ¶ Now ȳ mater ys all most in good case
After the worldys mynde and pleasure
there ys no more/but now must I chayce
Wyth all my wyt and besy endeuure
So ȳ it may be stablysshed ȳ contynued sure

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For [illegible]
May quayll thys mater and vtterly yt spyll
And yf he vary agayne
of scrypyll ymagynacyon
Or elles by the suggestyon
Of the forsayd reason
One thyng I am certayne
He wyll no lengar me support
And that were a shrewd crank sort
Therfor yt ys best that I resort
to my maysters presence
And se of what demeanour he ys
I am gretely to blame I wys
for that I sawe hym not or this
Syth he departed hens.

¶ He goeth out and Reason cometh in.

Rea. ¶ O good lord/to whom shall I complayn
And shewe the sorowes of my mynde
and nothyng for myne owne cause certayn
But onely for the decay of mankynde
Whyche nowe of late ys fallen so blynde
That he hath dyspysed and forsaken me
And folowyth euery moeyon of hys sensualyte
¶ What admaylede at the begynnyng
that Nature committed me to hys seruyce
and charged me that before all thyng
Of all hys gydyng I shuld take chefe cure
When he lusteth not to folowe myne aduyse
but folowyth thappetyte of hys sensuall affeccyon
As a brute best that lacketh reson
¶ And yet not withstandyng
that he doth me dyspleasyn
I wyll resort to hym agayn
And do my labour and dylygence
To assay yf I can hym restrayn
fro suche beestly lyuyng
but fyrst wyll I stande hereby
In secrete maner to espy
Some token of grace in hym whereby
I may dyscerne and fynde
that he hath any shamfastnes
After hys great surfet and excesse
And yf yt be so doubtles



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Mynd.

Mynd cometh in.

I say syrs where ye worshyp can ye tell
In thys place I left hym last

Wast. Yes I warand you he ye occupyed well
In ordeynyng your garmentys full fast
He departed fro me in great hast
For that intent/and so he dyd
That I wold tell you what nede requyred
Or she web me hys mynde or he went
How he had deuysed your garment
And yf yt be made after that intent
as he told me
When ye were on that festeur
Euery man shall do your honour
as becommeth a man of your lanyour
And so yt shuld be

Man. Eye but what wyll Reason say
When he seeth me in that aray

Wast. Reason. Mary let hym go play
To the deuyll of hell
he promysed me at the begynnyng
That ye wold nomore be vnder hys gydyng

Myn. No but yet ye were accordyng
To haue therin hys counsell
Man wythout reson ye but blynde
And yf I shuld speke after my mynde
I can well a dyfference fynde
Betwyxt man and a beste
When he hath Reason in presence
and duely obeyeth hys lawd and sentence

Wast. Why haue ye suche a spyced conscyence
Now wythin your brest
that chaungeth your mynde so sodenly
I am sory and ashamed truely
On your behalf

Man. No force hardely
Thou ledest me all wrong
and therfore wyll I no more folow the

Wast. Not worldly affectyons

Man. Pardy
Nor yet thy brother Sensualyte
I haue folowed you to long

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W.aff. Is that your mynde

Man. Ye doubtles
And now wyll I fetche shamefastnes
By whom I trust I shall redresse
All my mys dede

W.aff. And syth thou wylt nebys to shame be
I pray god send the shame I no
and yet I trust make god mo
Ones thou shalt have nede
To call me agayn to thy seruyce

Man. Nay nay on warantyse
Now frys who can me aduyse
What ys best to do

Shamefastnes.

Syr yf ye lust to have myne acquaintaunce
I am redy to gene you attendaunce
Dappely my seruyce shall you auaunce
I am called shamfastnes

Man. By your trouth are ye the same

sham. Ye forsoth that ys my name
Alwys debys I can attame
And help for to dyrresse
When ye have done offence or trys
yf ye wyll mercy and grace wyn
wyth shamefastnes ye must begyn
Thys way must ye take

Man. Ye be the man wythout fayntyng
That I wysshed for/or ye cam here
and glad am I now of your comyng
Praying you wyth hart entere
When I have nede thus to com nere

sham. Wo wyll I do ye may trust yet verely
Whan soeuer ye call ye shall fynde me redy

He goeth out

Rea. Syr ye yt your mynde to do as ye say

Man. Ye that ys yt as god me spede
Hard ye all thys mater ye or nay

Rea. Yes that I dyd in verydede

Man. O goostly reson I have greter nede
Of your help than euer I had byfore
Help me now & I shall neuer forsake you more
Syth I forsoke your cumpany
I have committed mychc foly



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Than I thynke theron
But now haue I refused vtterly
All suche maner of company
and thys haue I done verily
Of myne owne mocyon

Rem. ¶ Than my help shalbe redy as oft as ye me call
It is my duety so for to do
And of your offencys vyll I make no rehersall
But what soeuer ye haue done hyderto
To me wards let yt passe and go
Agaynst god your offence ys great
Of the whych mater I vyll not longe treat
¶ But thys confest of me ye shall haue
yf ye be contryte as ye pretende
God ys mercyable yf ye lust to crane
Call for grace and sone he vyll yt send
And be not in purpose hereafter to offende
accustom your selfe in the wayes of vertue
And he not in double grace vyll ensue

Mem. ¶ Hyr yt is my mynde and intent
Hereafter to be your true obedyent
and neuer more to assent
To suche foly agayn

Rem. ¶ And vpon that condycyon
I take the vnto my tuycyon
Vyth all hartys affeccyon
Neuer to part at wayn
And for thys seson
Here we make an end
Lest we should offend
Thys audyence/as god defend
It were not to be don
ye shall vnderstand neuer the lesse
That there ys myche more of thys processe
Wherein we shall do our besynes
and our true endeuure
To shew yt vnto you after our guyse
Than my lord shall so deuyse
It shalbe at hys pleasure

¶ Thus endeth the
first parte.

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¶ The seconde parte.
Reason and Man come in.

¶ I assemble the lyfe of mortall creature
To the assyege agayn a strong town or castell
In whyche there ys myche besy endeuure
Wyche warly polycy with dylygent trauayll
On euery syde whyche parte shall preuayll
By sleyght of ingyns or by strong power
that other to subdue and bryng into daunger
¶ In suche case and maner of condycyon
Is wreched man here in thys lyfe erthly
Whyle he abydeth within the garyson
Of the frayll carcas and carynouse body
Whom to impugn laboreth incessantly
the world/the fleshe/the enemy/these thre
Dyn to subdue and bryng into captyuyte
¶ And for to shewe you what wyse they vse impugn
fyrst doth the world geue vs an allectyse
to couet ryches and worldly renown
Wyth other vanytes that be vsed in thys lyfe
Next that our fleshe whyche euer ys in stryfe
agayn our spyryte/doth prouoke and excyte
Vs to accomplyshe our sensuall appetyte
¶ The last of all ys our great enemy
Whyche euer hath vs in contynuall hatrede
Of old enhaunsed malyce and enuy
that he ouyeth to vs and all the lynede
Of all the auncetors of whom we do succede
Nor yet cesseth hys malyce vnto thys day
Vs to endaunger in all that he can or may
¶ And certes these our sayd enemyes
Be of theyre nature so myghty and so strong
That hard yt wyll be for vs in any wyse
Agayn the my warre or batayll to vnderfong
also our garisons and fortresse to maynteyn long
Agayn theyre ingene without spyrytuall grace
We can not performe in no maner case
¶ Wherfore yt ys to vs ryght behouable
Besyly to pray to god that ys immortall
Besechyng hym as he ys mercyable
To haue compassyon and pyte on vs all
And not to suffer vs any wyse to fall
Into suche foly and vtter myschaunce

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As ſhuld theym greue and do dyſpleſaunce
¶Alſo yt behoueth on our parte
To flē all ſuche maner of occaſyon
as may be put in fere and Jeoparde
Of theyre dyſpleaſure in any condycyon
Wēb fangleines and other nyce inuencyon
We muſt forſake in all maner wyſe
And acquayntē vs wyth theyre contrarye
Mūa contraria contrariis curantur. ꝛc.
I tell thys tale ſyr to you
Truſtyng that yt be not done in waſt
ye remember as I ſuppoſe well I nōw
Now yt ys not fully .iii. dayes paſt
Syth ye me promyſed and bound yt faſt
from that day forth to be obedyent
Vnto my counſell and aduyſement
Man. Eye ſyr ſo I dyd in very deed
And yet yt ys my mynde and intent
To folow the ſame haue ye no drede
Rea. Yf ye do nat your ſelfe ſhall repent
Now fare ye well for I muſt be abſent
As for a ſeaſon/and for your comfort
Whan ſo euer ye call me I ſhall to you reſort
¶Then he goeth out & Henſua. cometh in.
Henſua ¶God forbed that euer he com agayn
Jeſu how may ye thys lyfe endure
Me ſemeth yt ſhuld be to you a great payn
Syth ye be of good complexyon and nature
To forbere the worldly ſport and pleaſure
As ye haue done now a great ſeaſon
and all by the folyſhe counſell of reſon
¶Where ys your luſty hart bycom
That ſerued you ſo well thys other day
Now ſo helpe me god and halydom
I haue great maruell how ye may
Lyue in ſuche myſery/and thys dare I ſay
Wythout ye take ſome other wayes
By my trouth yt wyll ſhorten your dayes
¶And though I ſay yt that were pyte
For by cryſte and ye were gone
Many a good felow wold make great mone
¶Then he weppyth
Man. ¶Why wepe ye ſo

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Sensus. Let me alone
It wyll none other wyse be
and ye saw the sore wfull countenaunce
Of my company your old acquayntaunce
that they make
for your sake
I dare say ye wold none theym in your mynde
They be so louyng and so kynde
That I am sure
yf ye endure
In thys great sike oppressyon
It wyll be theyr confessyon
There ys none other remedy
But for sorow they shall dye
Man. I May god forbed they shuld so do
sensus I In fayth wythout ye help therto
There ys none other way
Man. I wyll help yt in all that I may
And I wyst by what mene
sensus I Mary call theym to your company
Man. I By saynt Jhan I am content
for I may say here to the
Syth I forsoke my lyberte
And dyd to Reson assent
I had neuer mery day
But stuck vnder a lie and lacke a nay
Nothyng to myne intent
Another whyle I wyll me dysport
and to myne old company resort
sensus I O than shall ye theym comfort
and your selfe also
Wote ye who wyll be very glad
Man. I Who
sensus I Margery
Man. I Why was she sad
sensus I Ye by the masse she was stark mad
Euen for very wo
When she hard tell of thys chaunce
And because she wold lyue in penaunce
Her sorow for to quenche
She hath entred into a religyouse place
At the grene sprys hereby
Man. I Ye base.

Is yt an house of straytrelygyon

sensua Tye as any that euer was bygon
Syth the World stode

Man. Be they close nonnes as other be

sensua Close ya nay nay parde
That gyse were not good
ye must be ware of that gere
Nay all ys open that they do there
As open as a gose eye

Man. And cometh any man into theyre selfys

sensua Tye ye god forbede elles
Is ys free for euery body
And hyrde all thyse they be
Ex omni gente cognite
No nacyon they forsake
Wythout yt be beggars goyng by the Way
That have neuer a peny to pay
For that that they do take
And yet can I beggars thyder lede
Where they shalde for lumpes of brede
Hayssye theyre besye
Sache dubbes some there be
That requyre none other fe
Nor yet any other hyre

Man. Be they not wedded as other folke be

sensua Wedded quod a no so mot I the
They wyll not tary therfore
they can wed theym selfe alone
Com hyre me Jhan gramercy Jone
Thyse wed they euer more
And yt ys the more to comend
For yf the woman hap to offend
as yt ys theyre gyse
a man may let her alone wyth sorow
and wed a nother hore on the morow
Euen of the same wyse

Man. Forsoth thys ys a noble relygyon
It styreth me to great deuocyon
for to se that place
Canst thou bryng me thyder well I now

sensua Tye and yt were myd nyght I make god avow
As dark as euer yt was

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Man. ¶But where ye bodely lust now
Bodyly. ¶Then cometh in bodyly lust with hym wt.all.
¶Mary syr I haue spyed and sought you
Man. Thys thre or.iiii. howres
¶I make god auow
ye gyue vre wll attendaunce
Bodyly All thys.ii.dayes I could not the espy
¶Syr ye knowe well that ye and I
Be neuer myche a sonder
Man. albe yt I be from you among
¶And now me semeth thou hast tarryed to long
Bodyly Whyche ys to me great wonder
¶Wonder ye parde for any howr or thayn
forth for a passyng whyle and com agayn
Here ys a sore mater
Whan was I so long absent as now
and yet I was for to seke you
at the tother syde of the water
The place that ye wot of parde
Man. Understande ye what ye mene
Bodyly Eye ye
Man. ¶Tell me in myne ere
Bodyly ¶Quid est latinum propter le fre thyn
¶What latyn now thys of the new wyse
I herd neuer thys ere
Man. I trow ye begyn to waxe shamfast
¶Nay nay hardely that gere ys past
Many dayes a gon
Bodyly I am as wanton as euer I was
¶It were almes to hang you eyes by the nose
By the hard neche bone
But wyll ye now go with me to a place
and I shall shew you the smoterest place
Man. That euer ye sawe with eyes
Bodyly ¶What thyng ys yt yong or old
¶What euer yt be yt ys able to be sold
Man. It shall lyke you on the best wyse
¶For my lone let vs some nyght be there
at a banket or a rere supper
and get vs some wanton mete
So we may haue some bery thyng
yet wold I spende.xx.shyllyng
Where so euer I yt get

Bodyly ¶ May nay wyll ye spende a copell of crownes
and there shall no gentylman in thys .x. townes
Be better serued than ye
Nor be receyued more honestly
As to an house of bawdry
For a banket or a tonkery
For a dysshe .ii. or thre
Man. ¶ Yes that wyll I spend wyth all myne hart
Bodyly ¶ By your leue I wyll depart
To make redy thys gere
Man. ¶ What now in all thys hast
Bodyly ¶ Tye for god syr I am a gast
that other knaues wyll come theder
byfore vs and take vp all
Man. ¶ He there to I pray the
Bodyly ¶ Ho I shall
Thys fye on all to gether
¶ Then goeth he out.
W.aff. ¶ Now wyll margery make great mone
bycause ye com not. ¶ Man. ye let her alone,
I am not her bond man parde
She hath dysappointed me or now
W.aff. ¶ Tyet on my fayth syr and I were as you
at the leste I wold excuse me
Send her word that ye in no wyse
May thys nyght kepe her promyse
And yf ye do not so
She wyll so morn that as I thynk
Of all thys nyght she wyll slepe no wynk
She shalbe so full of wo
Man. ¶ Tye on my parell take no care
Thys answere wyll I deffar and spare
tyll I be certayn
What answere bodyly lust shall bryng
Of thys other praty new thyng
When he cometh agayne
W.aff. ¶ Wyll yt please you that I go to margery
In your stede
Man. ¶ Mary that were mery
Wold'st thou serue me so
W.aff. ¶ Why syr by my trouth I mene but well
Man. ¶ Tye what thou menyst I can not tell
But that shall thou not do

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W.aff. In good ſoꝛeth ſyꝛ ye may do wuꝛs
for whyle I haue any thyng in my puꝛs
Oꝛ any peny to ſpend
I wyll make her euen ſuche chere
As I wold myne owyn wyfe yf ſhe were here
Elys god defend
Man. Tye I thanke the for thy good wyll
But as for that chere kepe yt ſtyll
Tyll I calle theron
W.aff. By god ſyꝛ for good loue I ſpake yt
And now that I ſe ye wyll not take yt
I ſhall let yt alone
Man. How now haſt thou bene yender alway
bodyly Tye ſyꝛ. Man. Et que nouelys
bodyly Je ne ſcey
I could not ſpeke wyth her
No wyth none of her folkys
Man. Not wyth one
bodyly No they be a ſlepe euerychone
All that euer dwell there
Man. How knoweſt thou wether they be a ſlepe oꝛ no
bodyly Mary ſhe her ſelfe told me ſo
when I rapped at the doꝛe
Man. It ſemeth ſhe was not a ſlepe than
bodyly No ſhe was a bed wyth a ſtrange man
Man. A myſchefe on her hoꝛe
I wold this fyꝛe were i her tayll I make god auow
bodyly That nedeth not ſhe ys hote I now
It were moꝛe almes to get
Some cold water her fyꝛe to quenche
I tell you yt ys as warm a wenche
As any in all thys ſtrete
I ſuppoſed I had angred her yll
Man. How ſo
bodyly Foꝛ I rang her a knyll
That waked her from her ſlepe
I gaue her a pele foꝛ her frendys ſoulys
a man myght haue hard the noys from poulys
To the fartheſt ende of chepe
She ſaw that I wold not ceace but knoke
And rap ſtyll at the gate
She opened a wyndow and put forth her hed
Dens. pl. d. q ſhe. Jah noble ys a bed

f.ii.

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A ha standeth the wynd so cold quod I
R.q.tytle we haue a bey
Thys gere goeth all wyde
And so I cam thens a great pace
tyll I cam hyder/to thys ys the case
Haue I not well hyde
Man. Well man there ys no more to do
that we can not haue we must forgo
there ys none other remedy
Lo worldly affeccyon now mayst thou se
Thy counsell was nought that thou gauest me
W.aff. No more yt was truely
Man. Eye I told the symyche byfore
It ys good to be sure euer more
therfore now let vs go
And resorte agayn to our old hostes
that ys the best way now as I gesse
W.aff. Eye hardely do so
Then they thre go out & Pryde cometh in.
Pryde Thys remember ye that thys other day
Man promysed me euen in thys stede
that I should with hym dwell and now I here say
The wylde worm ys com into hys hed
So that by reason only he ys led
It may well be so/but I am sure
that Reason shall not alway with hym endure
Me thynketh that Sensua. doth not hys parte
accordyng to the duety of hys offyce
for no body can better turn a mannys hart
Nor yet a reuyer meane deuyse
to put away suche folysshe fantasyse
than Sensualyte yf he lust to assay
for he ys chyef ruler when Reason ys away
sensua Eye/a ruler wyll I be though Reason say nay
Pryde Ah Sensualyte welcom by thys day
what tydyngys good
sensua Eye by my fay
as good as can be told
I haue brought thys man to hys old gyse
Pryde Hast thou so
sensua Eye ey Warantyse
Pryde Now forseth I gyue the pryk and pryse

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Of thys tydyngys I am glad and fayn
But shall I be welcom to hym agayn
and all our cumpany

sensua Ye hardely
as welcom as euer ye ware byfore

Pryde God̄ys blessyng haue thyn hart therfore
thus am I in thy bet more and more

sensua Japes why say ye so

Pryde For I spekе yt after my mynde
thou art to me alway so kynde
But where shall I our mayster fynde
to hym wyll I go

sensua Ye ys besy harke in your ere
with lytell margery ye wote where
And as sone as I had brought hym there
I cam my way a pace
and bycause he shuld not be alone
I left with hym worldly affeccyon
and other eranд had I none
Now to thys place
but euen to shewd you what ys done
and from hens I must anone
for to seke an other companyon
to gyue attendaunce

Pryde Who ys that

sensua Mary glotony
Our mayster calleth for hym be sly
Hadyst thou hym not

Pryde No certaynly
To my remembraunce

sensua I must go seke hym without any taryeng
But Pryde I warn you of one thyng
Whyle I thynk theron
Shew my mayster and ye shall mete
In any wyse se that ye hym grete
In the old fassyon
And make as though ye knowd nothyng
Of hys brueres and parysshe dealyng
Kepe that in your brest
ye can not do hym more displeasure
Than therof to make rehersure
Therfore let yt rest



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To spende it erof yf ye wyll tresoy

Then he goeth out.

Pryde I am glad ye warn me thus in seson
I shalbe the better ware
By thys warnyng I shalbe wyse
And do as ye me aduertyse
take therof no care

Slouth.

Wyll ye be wyse quod a/mary that ye a thyng
By god ye had nede to haue better warnyng
Or ye bryng that about

Pryde What brother Slouth fro whens comyst thou

slouth. Strayght fro my bed I make god auow
Myne eyes be almost out
for lak of slepe/but thys syr to you
Me thought ye called me slouth ryght now
Nece no more of that
I haue a new name as well as ye

Pryde What ys that/ease

slouth. Ye parde
But yt forceth not
whyle our mayster ys not present
Betwene vs twayn I am content
Call me what ye wyll
But where ys our mayster

Pryde Wotest thou nere

slouth. No

Pryde No more do I

slouth. There there there
Thou shalt dwell with me styll
Thou art as good a wayter as I

Pryde I shrew the better of vs both harbely
But surely we do not well
We shall not contynue with ponder may
but we awayte better now and than
Therfore by my counsell
Let vs twayn go together
To seeke our mayster

slouth. But wotyst thou whether
We shall now go
To fynde our mayster

Pryde I shall assay
Thou shalt se me gesse the way

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And happely fynde hym so
Now must I to the stewes as fast as I may
to fech thys gentylman but syrs I say
Can any man here tell me the way
for I cam neuer there
ye know the way parde of old
I pray the tell me whyche way shall I hold
Wyll ye se thys horson cocold
I trow he cam not here
Now yt were almes to clap the on the crown
¶ Then cometh in man and worldly asf.
Man. ¶Why be there any cocoldys in town
Pryde Ye I durst hold theron my gown
that there be a score
but for god I cry you mercy
for by my fayth I wyst you not so ny
Dad I wyst yt I ensure you faythfully
that word I wold haue forbore
Man. ¶No force hardely yt toucheth not me
But worshyp tell me where haue ye be
Me thynketh long syth I you se
Pryde ¶Syr yt ys no maruell
Bad ye not me the last day
To go puruey for your aray
And ye remember well
Man. Ye for god haue ye done the same
Pryde Ye by the rode ellys were I to blame
All thyng ys redy in payn of shame
Ellys I quyte me yll
The tayler told me yesternyght
that all your garmentys were redy bycht
Wyll ye go thyder and haue a sycht
Man. Ye mary with a good wyll
slouth. ¶Wyll ye that I go with you also
Man. ¶I wote neuer whether ye may attend therto
for ye do nothyng
But euen after your own swete wyll
slouth. ¶Why shuld I euer wayt nay that I nyll
for to be a kyng
I may not endure contynuall besynes
I was neuer vsed therto doubtles
I shuld not lyue a yere
yf I folowed you I am sure

ye shyt and tottone out of mesure
I shall nether your pere
ye Dene there can nothyng be do
But yf ye put your hand thertto
and I dye that ye no nede
ye bene seruaunt ye that be true and iust
yf yt hold lyke you to put theym in trust
And quyte well ther ye mede
What shuld I attend you for to please
Dhan I se well ye set by none ease
Dbyche belongeth to me

Man. Why ease what meneth the thus to say
I do but ete drynke slepe and play
And none other labour parde

Mouth. Ye/ye may say What ye wyll
But I can neuer se you ydell
And quyete as ye shuld be
your body laboureth as both my hakeney
That bereth the burdon euery day
That pryke yt ye to se
And your mynde on that other syde
Ie neuer Idell not Vnoccupyed
I dye yt greueth me
To se you demeaned that wyse
I trow ye be set all on courtyse

Man. Courtyse/may let be
It ys a thyng of greter cure
That sytteth in my mynde be thou sure

Mouth. Do me thought by the rode
I wyst as myche there was sory thyng
By your lokyng there and your sygbyng
That was nat all thyng good
But what ys the matter I pray you hartely

Man. I dye thou canst not breuse the remedy
Both all the wyt thou hast
But thys ys the case to tell yt shortely
A thyng was told me as I came herebY
Dow Reason purtrayth fast
And maketh very great labour and endyuoure
To dasshe me all out of countenaunce
And for that purpose
He hath gadered a great compeny

Mouth. What to do

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Man. I wote nere I
But as I suppose
It ye to bryng me in captyuyte
And to take fro me my lyberte
So he hath oft sayd
Pryde Here ye that mater
Man. Nay neuer a dell
But I care for yt tyll ye dell
yet am I not afrayd
For I tyll withstand yt proudly
and syre I trust ye tyll stand therby
whan yt shalbe nede
Pryde Eye by the way that god dent
Or he haue of you hys intent
fyrst shall I blede
The best blode that ys in thys carcas
Man. Well ease go thy way hens a pace
and make therin good spede
Call my cumpany all togeder
and byd them euery man cum hyder
That ys with me affeerd
Slouth. Mary syr that shalbe do
Then he goeth out.
Man. Worshyp in the mean tyme let vs go
To se my new apparell
Pryde Wyll ye so. Now for your ladyes sake.
So do yt on you and I vndertake
It shall becum you well
Man. Worldly affeccyon abyde thou here
for I tyll go do on thys new gere
as worshyp doth me counsell
Then Man and Pryde goeth out.
B. aff. Mary I shall with all myne hart
thys good fyre and I tyll not depart
for very cold myne handys do smart
It maketh me do bygon
Get me a stole here may ye not se
Or elles a chayr tyll ye not be
thou pyld knaue I spek to the
How long shall I stande
Gloton y.
Let hym stand with a foule cuyll

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Wyll ye ſe lo/euery dreuyll
Now adayes I warand
Muſt commaund as he were a kyng
Let hym ſtande on hys fete wyth bredyng

W.aſſ. What glotony/I can tell the one thyng
In fayth you wyll be ſhent

gloto. Why

W.aſſ. My mayſter hath ſent Henſuckyte
To ſeke the all about the contre
Spakeſt thou not wyth hym

gloto. Yes parde
I know all hys intent
And thereuppon I am com here
For to awayt/but woteſt thou where
Our mayſter ys now

W.aſſ. Nay I wote nere
I am not very certayn
But Pryde and he together begon
He ſayd he wold com agayn anon
Wythin an howr or twayn
Tary thou here and go not away
I wyll go breke my faſt and I may
For I ete neuer a morſell thys day

Then he goeth out.

gloto. Mary that ys a thyng
So whan thou wylt I wyll abyde
My ſtomak he ſhall not rule or gyde
That ys now faſtyng
Nay of all thynge erthly I hate to faſt
Four tymes a day I make repaſt
Or thryſe as I ſuppoſe
And whan I am well fed
Than get I me to a ſoft bed
my body to repoſe
There take I a nap or twayn
Up I go ſtreyght and to yt agayn
Though nature be not redy
yet haue I ſome mete of delyte
For to prouoke thappetyte
And make the ſtomak gredy
After all thys nedys I muſt
Dontynue folowe the fantaſy luſt

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for hote bryngys and delycate refeccyon
Causeth flesshely insurreccyon
ye knowe yt as well as I

Man. Trouth as ye say I knowe yt well

gloto. What gentylman ys thys can ye tell

bodyly Wotyst thou neuer

gloto. No by the bell
I sawe hym neuer byfore

bodyly Is yt our mayster

gloto. May by the rood
It ys not he woldyst thou make me wood

Man. yes I am the same

gloto. I cry you mercy I se yt well nowe
Byfore I knewe you not I make god auowe
In erneste not in game

Man. Why. Bycause I haue chaunged myne aray

gloto. For that cause trowe ye nay nay
That ys not the thyng
That can byscrye me be ye sure
but I pray you who hath had you in cure
Syth my last departyng

Man. By my fayth a lytell season
I folowed the counsell and dyet of reason

gloto. There went the hare away
Dys dyet y a/yt may be veryly
for ye be haltred marueylously
Altred I wold say
alas the whyle had ye no mete
As long as ye were vnder hys dyet

Man. Mete/yes I had some
Wythout yt were on fastyng dayes
Than he wythdrewe my supper alwayes
and gaue me neuer a crom

gloto. No force hardely why wolde ye than
Fauor hym as ye dyde lyke a mad man
ye loke nowe as yt were a goste
Had ye dwelt wyth hym tyll thys day
ye had bene pyned euen away
as ye be nowe almoste
your flesshe ys gon euery dell
A vengeaunce on the morsell
That ys left theron

bodyly Nowe talke of the remedy

gloto. ¶Mary now must he ete and drynke fast
Other remedy ys there none
Bodyly ¶Ye but where ys the mete now let vs se
gloto. ¶Ye are passyng hasty benedicite
fyrst must ye go
where as prouysyon therof ys made
Let vs go thyder and yt shalbe had
Man. ¶But what ys the maysters of the ly
A weddyd woman or a dyrgyn
gloto. ¶Neyther of both I wys
Bodyly ¶No/but for a mayden she goth
gloto. ¶Ye forgod that she doth
Yet yet she ys none by Iys
Bodyly ¶No/no/what than
gloto. ¶I wys I not/but as men clater
They say she ys innupta mater
Hardely an holy woman
Man. ¶Well thyder we wyll/go we hens
Bodyly ¶Syr ye wyll gyue me lycence
To sport me for a season
Man. ¶Yes for a whyle ye well I nold
But go not out of the way I charge you
for hyder wyll come anone
All my cumpany as I suppose
Kepe theym together for I purpose
to come agayn anone
and shew theym my mynde what I wyll do
¶Then he goeth out
Bodyly ¶Mary I shall do what I can therto
and yet yt ys hard for me
to kepe theym together any whyle
But I shall tell you what
I had leuer kepe as many flese
Or wyld hares in an oppy lese
as vndertake that
¶Wrath.
¶Where be these knaues that make thys way
Bodyly ¶Mary they be gon that other way
tell me whome ye meane
Wrath. ¶I trow thou scornyst
Bodyly ¶Nay certaynly
Now so be yt yf I shuld not ly
at the fyrst blushe I ensure you faythfully

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I had forgot you clene
Because ye be thus defensybly arayd
What meaneth that are ye affrayd
Who hath you greued
Wrath. ¶ May I fere no man that bereth an hed
yet had I leuer that I were dede
than that shuld be preued
bodyly ¶ By my fayth ye are wont to be as bold
as yt were a lyon of cotys wold
but now to my question
What meaneth all thys defensyble aray
Wrath. ¶ Mary slouth warned vs two thys same day
Euen syth yt was none
that our mayster and Reason shuld make a fray
and therfore he had vs without delay
to abyde on our capytayn
bodyly ¶ A now I know the mater ryght well
But what shall com therof I can not tell
It passeth my brayn
Our mayster wylleth that we abyde
Shuld tary here tyll he com ageyn
envy. ¶ What wylt thou do then
bodyly ¶ Who I may care not for me
I wyll not com where strokys be
I am not so mad a man
And I wys yt ys not for any fere
But yt ys a thyng that I can well forbere
And wyll as long as I can
Of lust and pleasure ys all my mynde
It longeth to me of properte and kynde
And yf I shuld to the warre
And ly in myne harnes as other men do
Wyth hunger and thurst a day or two
It shuld me vtterly marre
envy. ¶ It were a great losse yf thou were mard
Nold fy on the stark horson coward
By cokkys precyouse blode
It were no syn to sle such a knaue
Dast not thou fyght as other men haue
And fell of be so good
yet wylt thou fayll be at thys nede
Nold who so euer shall quyte my mede
I wyll no further go

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tyll I haue ſlayn hym myne owȳ hand
Though I ſhuld forſwere the land
Euen whan I haue do
¶ Then goeth out bodyly luſt
Hold hym in ſyrs I pou requyre
alas wold ye not at my deſyre
Do ſo myche for me
I wys yt wold haue done me more good
to haue ſene the knaues hart blode
than .xx. ſhyll; ngys of fee
Man. ¶ What how ſyrs what meaneth thys gere
wyll ye ſle eche other here
No more of thys worke
enuy. ¶ By the hart of god and he had abyden
A lytell whyle he ſhuld neuer haue ſpoken
with preſte nor with clarke
Man. ¶ Who was that
enuy. ¶ your owȳ myniyon
Bodyly luſt
Man. ¶ Why what hath he done
enuy. ¶ Euen lyke a lurdeyn
He ſayth that ye haue gyuen hym lycence
to abyde at home and kepe reſydence
whyle we here the burden
And ſerue you now at youre nede
Man. ¶ He prayde me ſo my very frende
within theſe .ii. dayes
He ſayd he wold ſerue me with a good wyll
But of the warrys he could no ſkyll
Nor knew therof the wayes
How be yt I gaue hym therof none anſwere
enuy. ¶ No but I am ſure he wyll not com there
And now ma~ ye ſe
That no man ys ſo myche to blame
As your ſelfe
Man. ¶ I
enuy. ¶ ye by ſayne Jame
No man but euen ye
for I am well aſſured of one thyng
ye gaue hym better clothyng
Than ye dyd~ me
And better wagys and fees alſo
And though I ſayd~ but lytell therto

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But ſuffere̅ euer more
yet I dyſdayn̅ yt euer in my mynde
And though that ye were to me vnkynde
To ſet ſo great ſtore
By ſuche a knaue as he was
I wold̅ I had hym here by the maſſe
And̅ no man but we twayn
Man. By my trouth thys ys euer thy guyſe
Lowe by whom I ſet any pryſe
Hym thou wylt moſt dyſobayn
Wrath. By cryſt he can do none other wyſe
but now ſyr ys there any ſeruyce
That ye wyll commaunde me
Man. Ye mary ys there/but my cumpany
Dreſſeth theym forward paſſyng ſlowly
I trow̅ yt wyll not be
Manhode thou art good I now̅ for one
Wrath. Ye by cryſt and they cam̃ euery chone
I wyll not gretly fere
enuy. By my trouth̅ bycauſe he ſayth ſo
I ſhall tell you what I ſaid̅ hym do
I was preſent there
Hyr yt happyned̅ in weſtmynſter hall
Euen byfore the Juges all
Hys handys were bound faſt
And neuer vpon hym that euer god made
Dager ſword nor knyfe he had̅
And yet at the laſt
He drawe .xii. men into a corner
and an howr after durſt they not appere
How̅ ſay ye hereto
and̅ hys handys had̅ bene at lyberte
He wold̅ haue put theym in great Jeopard̅e
It ys to ſuppoſe ſo
Man. Mary there he quyte hym well
but where be myne other folke can ye tell
¶ The̅ cometh̄ in Glotony with a cheſe & a botell.
Wrath. Mary here cometh one
Good felyſhyp me ſemeth yt ſhuld̅ be
gloto. Hyrs god ſpede̅ you
Man. What tydyngys with the
gloto. I ſhall tell you anone

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Mary ſyr I am com here
for to attende vppon you
We ſhall a warfare yt ye told me
Man. Lye where ye thy harnes
gloto. Mary here may ye ſe
Here ye harnes I now.
Wrath. Why haſt thou none other harnes but thys
gloto. What the deuyll harnes ſhuld I myne
Wythout yt be a botell
A nother botell I wyll go puruey
Leſt that drynk be ſcarce in the way
Or happely none to ſell
Wrath. Thou muſt haue other harnes than thys man
gloto. Other harnes nay I ſhrew me than
I can no ſkyll theron
Why trowſt thou that I wyll fyght
envy. Lye ſo I trow
gloto. May by god almyght
Therof wyll I none
I was neuer wont to that gere
But I may ſerue to be a vytelet
And therof ſhall ye haue ſtore
So that I may ſtand out of daunger
Of gon ſhot/but I wyll com no nere
I warn you that byforne
envy. Now ſuche a knaue I betake to the deuyll
Thys ye euen ſuche a nother deuyll
As was here whyle ere
They be .ii. knaues annoynted
I fere me ſyr ye ſhalbe dyſappoynted
I lyke not thys gere
gloto. O I had forgoten I make god auow
Myne fellow eaſe commaundeth me to you
Man. Commaundeth the to me
gloto. you to me
Man. Me to the
gloto. Commaundeth you to hym I wold haue ſayd
Man. Why cometh he not hyder
gloto. By god for he ys afrayd
And lyeth ſyr in hys bed
He toke ſuch a conſeyt whan he herd of thys gere
That for thought and very fere

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Wrath. ¶And he were hanged yt were no reuth
I pray god the deuyll breke hys neck
and all ſuche as he ys
Man. ¶Well let vs ſuffer for a whyle
I wyll go walke hens halfe a myle
and for all thys
Happely all thys gere ſhall not nede
How be yt that I dout and drede
The worſt as wyſe men do
Manhode com thy ſelfe wyth me
gloto. ¶And I to ſyr
Man. Cye parde
Wold'yſt thou be prayd thereto
¶Than goeth out Man Glotony/& Wrath.
enuy. ¶Now he that wold haue warre or ſtryfe
I pray god ſend hym a ſhrewd wyfe
and than ſhall he haue I now
But I ſhall tell you ſyrs as for me
I am none of theym ſo mot I the
I may ſay to you
I wyll no ſuche reuerens abyde
Godbys body here cometh Pryde
as crank as a pecok
As ſone as he and I mete
Wythout he ſtand ryght vppon hys fete
He ſhall here me a proude mok
Pryde ¶What tydyngys ſyrs can any man tell
enuy. ¶Cye mary that can I ſo as well
as any that was in feld
ye haue tarryed ſo long about your gay gere
¶That the feld ys done or ye come there
Pryde ¶Done mary god ſheld
enuy. ¶It ys done wythout fayll
But whyche of theym hath done the batayll
I can not tell you certayn
Pryde ¶Thou were not there yt ſemeth therby
enuy. ¶Not I there ys a yes hardely/& that to my grete
but as ſone as ỳ batell ys ioyned togeder (payn
I cam my way ſtreyght beder/for to tell tydyngs
Pryde ¶What the deuyll tydyngys canſt thou tell
enuy. ¶Mary I can ſhew you nothyng of the batell
but of many other tydyngys
ye are out of concept I tell you for euer

Because ye byd not you endeuoure
At thys great vyage
In so myche that ye are lyke to lees
Both your offyce and all your fees
And put clene out of dagre

Pryde enuy. That ys not true as I suppose
Thy and yt be not take my nose
And my hed also
your offyce was gyuen or I cam thens

Pryde Mary that was a very short sentence
and I not called therto
Now enuy what counsell wylt thou gyue me

enuy. By my trouth Pryde thou mayst byleue me
If I were in thy case
I wold withdrawe me for a season
though yt be nother felony nor treason
Nor yet wylfull trespace
yet the same ye wurst of all
for euery knaue wyll the call
a cowarde to thy face

Pryde I am vnhappy I se yt well
for the expense of myne apparell
towardys this vyage
What in horses and other aray
Hath compelled me for to lay
all my land to morgage
and now when I haue all do
To lesse myne offyce and fees also
for my true intent
I may say that all my cost
and all my tyme ye enyll lost
In seruyce that I haue spent
Well What so euer by tyde me
for a season I wyll hyde me
after thy counsell
and syth yt wyll no better be
fare well I take my leue of the

enuy. Now gentyll Pryde fare well
Alas that I had no good felow here
to bere me cumpany and laugh at thys gere
thys game was well founde

sensua Yes and ye lust to play the knaue
Some maner of cumpany ye myght haue

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Here [illegible]

enuy. ¶ Some I can thynke yong or old
And elles yt were a small household
as any myght be found

sensua ¶ It ys not small the company she doth hold
But me thought thou were about to tell
Of some mery Jeste
Or som mery game at my comming

enuy. ¶ Ye hardely yt ys a game for a kyng
When he lusteth best
To laugh for hys dysporte and solace
Hyr I shall tell the thys ys the case
Ryght now as I stode
In thys place and never a man with me
In came Pryde garnysshed as yt had be
One of the ryall blode
It greued me to se hym so well be sene
But I haue abated hys corage clene
For a lytell season
By the rode I haue gyuen hym a cheke mate
For I bare hym an hand that he came to late
And that the feld was gone
and how hys offyce was gyuen away
Bycause he fayled our mayster that day
I made hym to byleue so
And when I had told hym all thys tale
anone he began to wax all pale
full of care and wo
and now he byteth hym selfe for shame
I gaue hym myne aduyse to the same
and so he ys gon

sensua ¶ Now on my fayth thys was madly do
but in fayth what moueth the therto

enuy. ¶ Mary cause had I none
but only that yt ys my guyse
When I se any other man aryse
Or fare better than I
Than must I chafe and fret for yre
and ymagyn with all my desyre
To dystroy hym vtterly
But now in ernest Sensualyte
tell me when thys fray shalbe
I pray the hartely. ¶ Sensua. What ayenst me.



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sensua ¶ Tushe they be agreed in payn of shame
and good cumpany they kepe
enuy. ¶ Agreed q a/in the mare name
Mary syr that were a game
to make some of vs wepe
sensua ¶ Wepe or laugh man so yt ye
and who trow ye ye the ca user of thys
enuy. ¶ Who
sensua ¶ Age the deuyll hym quell
enuy. ¶ Why ys age now com in place
sensua ¶ Ye and that may ye spy by hys face
and ye mark yt well
Hys stomak sarneth euery day
Hys bak croketh hys hed wareth gray
Hys nose droppeth among
Hys lust ys gone and all hys lykyng
I se yt well by euery thyng
He may not lyue long
and alk maketh age ae I sayd byfore
He ys the doar/and what trow ye more
thys age hath done
enuy. ¶ What
sensua ¶ Hy my fayth he hath brought in Reason
In suche wyse that at no season
Nothyng can be brought
But Reason must be calked therto
I fere me he wyll vs all vndo
Wythin few dayes
As sone as Glotony had espyde
all thys gere he wold not abyde
but went euen hys wayes
Our mayster prayed hym to tary a season
Nay nay quod he/now haue I done
I may no lengar tary
For age and I may not together dwell
and streyght way he departed fayre and well
Bodyly lust stode by
and sawe that Glotony wold nedys be gon
Haue wyth the Glotony quod he anon
For I must go wyth the
So that.ii.be gon togeder
Many there none of theym both feders

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enuy. ¶ Marke well that I ſe

ſenſua ¶ Well they be gon ſome other way
to get a new mayſter as ſone as they may
They can not be onpurueyd
and as ſone as they .ii. were gon
Our mayſter ſent for couetyſe anon
and hartely hym prayd
to abyde on hym well for a yere or two
and he hath promyſed hym ſo to do
as for a yere or tway
but Reaſon may not therof know

enuy. ¶ Reaſon quod a/no ſo I trow
He wyll that dyſdayn
but where hath couetyſe ben many a day

ſenſua ¶ He dwelled wyth a preſt as I herd ſay
for he loueth well
Men of the chyrche/and they hym alſo
and labrars eke/whan they may tend therto
wyll folow hys counſell

enuy. ¶ Ho men ſay there as I dwell
but Henſualyte canſt thou tell
Now in thys caſe
what were beſt for vs to do

ſenſua ¶ Mary I hold yt beſt that we go
Here by to ſom place
and ſemble togeder all our cumpany
to here there myndys by and by
and euery mannys oppynyon
what ſhalbe beſt for to do

enuy. ¶ By my trouth and be yt ſo
I hold yt well don

¶ Than they go forth / Reaſon / Mayn com in.

Rea. ¶ Syr I haue oft tymes you aduyſed
to lyue vertuouſly/and ſhewd you the way
and that not wythſtandyng/ye haue me dyſpyſed
And folowed Henſualyte/meny a day
wyll ye ſo contynue/ye or nay
If euer ye purpoſe your ſelfe to amend
It ys tyme/for your lyfe drawyth faſt to thend

Mayn. ¶ I can not contynue/though I wold
for age hath wayned me clene therfro
and yet Reaſon/whan ye me told
Of thys gere many day a go

but bed of your wordys/great storm and tempest
Wold god that my lyfe were to bygyn agayn
Rea. ¶ Speke not therof/that may not be
a thyng don/can not be called agayn
but the thyng/that most fereth me
On your behalue/I tell you playn
Is that ye wold/in no wyse abstayn
From synfull lustys/as I dyd ed you to do
Tyll now that age compelleth you therto
Man. ¶ That ys full trew/without fayning
as long as myne appetyte dyd endure
I folowed my lustys/in euery thyng
Whyche now by the course and lawe of nature
And not of my polycy/or good endeuoure
Is taken fro me/for euer more
And so can I deserue/no mede therfore
¶ But not withstandyng thys myne ablusyon
I trust that by the help of your good aduyse
I may be made the chyld of saluacyon
Rea. ¶ Yes and ye wyll spe on warantyse
So that ye vtterly forsake and dyspyse
All your old seruauntys in wyll and dede
and do by my counsell
Man. ¶ Yee haue ye no drede
Rea. ¶ Than my soule for yours/I ley to wed
ye shall do well/haue ye no mystrust
And fyrst to begyn with/I you forbed
All maner of dyspeyre/and secundly ye must
Put to your mynd/and good wyll
To be recured/of your great excesse
For without your helpe/yt can not be doubteles
¶ As in thys example/yf so be the pacyent
Of hym selfe/be wyllyng to haue any remedy
It ys a great furtheraunce to that intent
So that to the preceptys of physyk he apply
And who so doth the contrary/no maruayll truely
Though he mysharp/what should I bryng
Any mo examples for so playn a thyng
Man. ¶ It shalbe no nede as in thys case
I know ryght well/what ye meane therby
And that wyll I folow by goddes grace
Rea. ¶ Than as I told you/yt shalbe no mayster

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your selfe to confort/and to haue good remedy
agaynst the great surfettys/that thou hast don
By whyche thou hast deserued endles dampnacyon
¶But do as I shall tell the/and haue no drede
and for to gyue the medycyns/most accordyng
ayens thy sores/do by my rede
Lore what dysease/ys hote and brennyng
take euer suche a medycyn as ys cold in werkyng
So that the contrary in all maner of wyse
Must hele hys contrary as physyk doth deuyse
¶Rygbt so who so lusteth fro syn to aryse
Where he hath in pryde/done any offence
Ne can be helpen therof none other wyse
but onely by mekenes/that ys the recompence
agayn wreth and Enuy/take charyte and pacyence
take almes dede/agayn the syn of couetyse
¶And to represse glotyny/acquaynt ꝑ wyth abstynēce
Agayn foull lust of body/take chastyte ꝯtynēce
Eyche syn groweth by Slouth and by Idelnes
and that must be eschewed by mene of good besynes
Lo thys be preparatyfys most souerayn
Agaynst thy sores whyche be mortall
Onles that thys medycyns to them be layn
Whan thou hast receyued these preparatyfys all
I wyll com agayn yf thou me call
And order the further after my mynde
Man. ¶ ye but where shall I these preparatyfys fynde
Rea. ¶Thou shalt them fynde wythin thyn own brest
Of the yt must com/yt must be thy dede
For voluntary sacrafyce pleaseth god best
Thou canst not therof haue help or mede
But yf thys gere of thyn own hart procede
Man. ¶Well I shall endenoure me to the vttermost
And tyll I haue found them I shall neuer rest
But how shall I know them that wote I nere
I pray you shewe me that byfore your departyng
Rea. ¶It nedeth not therof to enquere
Thou shalt know them at the fyrst metyng
Of .ii. contrarys there ys but one lernyng
That ys to say whan thou knowyst well that on
The other contrary ys knowen anon
¶Then he goeth out ꝑ Mekenes cometh in.
Who so desyreth helpe ayens scrypture Dett

Shall synke/that for Pryde and presumpcyon
Lucyfer whyche somtyme was a gloryouse angell
For that hys offence/had suche correccyon
That both he/and ehe meny a legyon
Of hys order/was cast downe to hell
By ryght full Justyce/perpetually there to dwell
¶Remember also Adam/the fyrst of our lyne
What payn he sufferd/for Pryde and dysobedyence
Causeth he not/a great decay and ruyne
In all the progeny/for the same offence
In suche wyse that he/and all that were borne sence
Be vtterly dysherited/and put fro paradyse
and so we be made/thrall vnto syn and vyce
¶And lost shuld we be/all of very iustyce
Ne had be that god/of hys mercyfull goodnes
Dyd vs sone after/wyth hys owne blode raynpryce
and we redemed/fro paynes endles
So that we do not/dysobay or transgresse
Hys hygh commaundementys/but demean vs well
after hys lawes/whyle we here dwell
¶And for as myche as mannys nature
Is frayll/and lyghtly to syn wyll assent
Eyther of purpose/or ondetyng peraduenture
There the sayd good lord hath hym sent
agayn euery syn/a remedy conuenyent
For he ne wold/haue one soule to be lore
Whom he hath dere bought/as I sayd byfore
¶The rote of all syn/ys Pryde ye knowe well
Whyche ys myne aduersary/in all that he may
Where I am in place/he may not dwell
Hys malycyouse power/I can ryght well alay
And teche euery creature/the remedy and way
How to subdue Pryde/whyche no man can do
Wythout that I mekenesse/must help therto

Man. ¶Than your help and counsell ys necessary to me
Wherof I pray you/wyth all hartys affeccyon

mekc. ¶All redy at hand/who so euer yt be
That lusteth to haue me for hys consolacyon

Man. ¶I my selfe haue synned/in Pryde & elacyon.
Shewe me your counsell/what way shall I take
A dew satysfaccyon/for that syn to make

mekc. ¶Thou must byfore/all thyng set lytell payse
By thyne owne selfe/and take no hede

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Whether the people/worke prayse or dyspraise
Be thou meke in hart/in word and in dede
thynke not that thou/woldyst any man ouer lede
Be soft and lowly/in speche to euery wyght
And vse none aray/that staryng ys to sight
Lo in these thre thyngys/onely standeth Pryde
If thou commyt/the lest of theym thre

Man. Fro thys day forth/I wyll set theym a syde
and folow the counsell/that ye gyue me

Hunny. Do so/and I wyll clerely dyscharge the
as for the syn of Pryde/my soule for thyn
thou shalt be all hole/yf thou take thys medycyn

Then he goeth out.

Man. Yes I shall take yt thynke not the contrary
Now am I well eased yet haue I not done all

Chary. There ys no kruyng physycyon ne potecary
that can deuyse/so souerayn cordyall
agayn the sore of enuy/whyche ys mortall
No man kruyng/I you ensure
Wythout my helpe/may vndertake that cure
For I am called charyte/the salue for that sekenes
Whom thapostyll Paule/commaundyth synguler
In dyuers hys epystellys. I can well represse
the rancour of Enuy/and gyue therin good remedy

Man. Then ye your counsell/to me full necessary
If ye be charyte/ye are bound doubtles
to haue som compassyon/of your neyghbours dystres

Chary. Why hast thou ben enuyous byfore thys day

Man. I yes as god knoweth well/and that I rew sore

Cary. Well thys must be the remedy/mark what I say
There ys no syn/that dysplaseth god more
Than doth thys syn of Enuy/and therfore
If so be thou wylt/kepe thyn owen soule sauegard
Be thou neuer enuyous/fro thys day forward
Also that syn/ys to man on naturall
More than any other/in myne opynyon
For all other synnes/mark therin well
A man commyttyth/with som delectacyon
But Enuy ys euer/full of payn and passyon
And tormenteth hym selue/with sorow full sadnes
When he seth hys neyghbours prosperyte or gladnes
De ys neuer glad/nor taketh any solace
But at hys neyghbours/harme/losse/or heuynes

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He speketh sometyme farre/before a mannys face
And yet within hys hart/he is full of doublenes
for behynd hys bak/he wyll neuer cease
With sclaunderouse wordys/to appayre his good name
and many a falsly/doth he report for the same
Ye know syr whether/it be thus or no
But now a nother whyle/to speke of remedy
If ye wyll be holpen/syr thus must ye do
Fyrst before all thyngys/loue god entyerly
Next that thy neyghbour/loue as thyne owyn body
That ye to say/thou must the to hym behaue
and do hym such curtesy/as thou woldyst of hym haue
Observe these two thyngys/and do no more
In recompense/of thy great trespace
Touchyng the fry of enuy/rehersed before
Man. To observe theym well/god send me hys grace
and I thank you for your cofort/& counsell in thys case
I shall me selfe endeuoure/accordyng therto
charyty. God send the hys grace well so to do
Then he goeth out.
pacyen The remedy of wreth/and outragyouse yre
Must nedys com of me/and none other wyse
for I am called pacyence/whyche quencheth the fyre
And flammys of wreth/yt ys also my gyse
By soft words & sufferaūce/to ouercom myn enemys
Man. Now welcom pacyence/for whom I haue sought
Help me with your coūsell/for hys loue yt all wrought
pacyen Thys ys my counsell/yf thou wylt withstand
thy goostly enemy/and thys temptacyon
thou must haue me pacyence/euer redy at hand
Specyally in sufferyng/of worldly trybulacyon
Remember how cryst dyd/in tyme of hys passyon
there mayst thou lern/how to be pacyent
In any aduersyte/that to the shalbe sent
And yet there may be/no comparyson
Yt wyll the leste/part of hys payn
And the gretest wrong/that to the can be don
Wherfore thou wreth/shuldyst not dysdayn
But gladly thou shuldyst/thy selfe refrayn
from yrefull passyons/as I sayd byfore
Hyth thou shalt haue a reward/in heuen therfore
Man. It ys my full mynde and intent
Hereafter to do/as ye me aduertyse

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pacyen ¶Now he that all goodnes/to vs hath sent
Send you hys grace to demean you that wyse
¶Then he goeth out.

Man. ¶I shall do my good wyll/on warantyse
Now who can me best dyrecte
My slouthfull Idelnes for to correct
¶Good occupacyon.
¶The syn of slouth/I can well represse
And I shall teche the/to do the same

Man. ¶How shuld I do yt

occupa ¶By mean of me good besynes
and so am I called/for that ys my name
Idelnes ys neuer/without syn or blame
By mean therof/mythe syn cometh in
for yt ys the very moder/and mayster of syn
¶In eschewyng therof/thou must euer vse
Hom good occupacyon/in body or mynde
and yf thou do thys/my counsell refuse
So that the deuyll/in Idelnes the fynde
than accordyng/to hys proprietye and kynde
De laboreth fast/by mean of temptacyon
to bryng thy soule/vnto endles dampnacyon
¶Therfore do som good occupacyon alway
as well wyth the body/as wyth mynde inward
And yf thou do not/thys caunsell obay
thou shalt thyn owyn soule gretely enioard
On that other syde/thou mayst be no coward
Nor ferefull of penaunce/or other good dede
Syth thou shalt be sure/to haue heuen to thy mede

Man. ¶Thys counsell ys good/I thank you therfore
My mynde ys well eased/therein be ye sure

occupa ¶Is there any thyng/ellys that I can do more

Man. ¶None to my knowlege/for ye haue done your cure

occupa ¶He that ye wyselye now put in vre
¶Then he goeth out.

lyberalyte. ¶Yes hardely thynk not the contrary
Syth yt ys to me so behouefull and necessary
¶I am lyberalyte/the vertu Cardynall
By whom ys confounded/the syn of auarice
Who so euer lusteth/on me to call
I am redy therin/to gyue myne aduyse

Man. ¶Syr I pray you/in my most harty wyse

lybera ¶ Fyrst thou must be sory/for the abusyng
of temporall goodys/byfore thys day
Next that I bydd aduyse the/byfore all thyng
If thou hast wrongfully/taken away
Any mannys good/go wythout delay
and therof to thy power/make due restytucyon
for erst shalt thou haue/of thy syn no remyssyon
Man. ¶ Why trowe ye that I shall not be excused
By almes dede/of that offense
lybera ¶ No no hardely/thou art gretely abused
Thynk not therby/to make recompence
for by that almes thou doyst great offense
and displeasure to god
Man. ¶ Why say ye so
Cryst hym selfe bad that we shuld almes do
lybera ¶ Ye for god/but that shuld be so
Of well goten goodys/ellys ys yt nought
Man. ¶ Well I assent gladly therto
as in that one poynt/I am fully taught
But yt ys nothyng worth/tyll yt be dere bought
But what other amendys/shall I make
To be fould syn of auaryce/to swage a aslake
lybera ¶ Thou must haue compassyon and also be lyberall
Vnto thy neyghbour at hys necessyte
Man. ¶ I trow ye wold haue me to gyue away all
and leue my selfe nought
lybera ¶ I mene not so parde
for that ys wast/and synfull prodygalyte
take the myd way/but wyrt theym two
And fle the extremytees/how so euer thou do
¶ Thou must thy worldly goodys so employ
In charytable dedys/wyth due compassyon
that thou mayst bye euerlastynge ioy
for the good intent/of that dystrybucyon
thou mayst also gyue theym/to thy dampnacyon
as whan thou doyst yt/to wyn therby
Prayse of the people/or som other vayn glory
¶ for trustyt well thou must geue a rekenyng
Of all the goodys/that com to thyn vse
the hygh Juge/that knoweth all thyng
to whom thou shalt thy selfe accuse
Wythout any appele/or fayned excuse

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Fro whom thou canst not hyde thy face
¶ There shalt thou openly shew and confesse
How that goodys cam /to thy possessyon
What myndе and pleasure/thou hadyst in ryches
And why thou hadyst/therin suche affeccyon
What almes dede/or other good dystrybucyon
Or how thou hast/these goodys wasted or abused
there yt shalbe knowen/yt can not be refused
¶ Than as I sayd to the byfore
thou shalt receyue/after thy deseruyng
Joy or ellys payn/to endure euer more

Man. ¶ Truely thys ys a ferefull thyng

lybera ¶ Therfore remember well my sayeng
Marke well my counsell/and folow the same

Man. ¶ If I dyd not I were gretely to blame
¶ Then Lyberalyte goeth out & abstynence and Chastyte com in.

abstine ¶ The remedy of Glotony/I can well teche
I am ordeyned/onely for that intent

Man. ¶ And I haue great nede/of suche a leche
your counsell to me/ys ryght expedyent

abstine ¶ Syr yf ye lust/to be my pacyent
And take suche remedy/as I shall deuyse
I shall make you hole/of that syn on Warantyse

Man. ¶ What ys your name

abstine ¶ My name ys Abstynence
And thys other/that cometh with me
Ys called Chastyte/or ellys contynence
It ys hys gyse/and hys properte
to folow me/where so euer I be
Lyke wyse as lychery/that dedely sore
folowеth the bestly syn/of Glotony euer more
¶ Quia delitie sunt instrumenta voluptatis
But now to do that I cam for
Agayn the syn of Glotony/the remedy ys thys
Vse scarcer dyet/than thou dydyst byfore
Beware of superfluyte/and surfet euer more
Take no more than suffyceth nature
Nor of delycate mete/set thou no store
Now haue I sayd all that longeth to my cure

Hasty. ¶ And I must nedys/conferme hys sayeng
For as he reherсed/now ryght well
[illegible] of hote metes/and delycate feding

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Causeth synfull lustys/in a man to swell
and ouer that/thys ys my counsell
Eschew Idelnes/byfore all thyng.
If thou wylt be chast/and clene of lyuyng
Fle also the cumpany/and the occasyon
Of that syn/whyche ys dampnable
As sone as thou feleste/any temptacyon
Put yt clene away/by meanes couenable
Of all other synnys/yt ys most abhominable
and soneste wyll thy soule endaunger and blame
There be so many great synnys/annexed to the same
¶ If thou lyst not/for fere of dampnacyon
thys syn to forbere/than on that other syde
Do yt for loue/of thyn owyn saluacyon
Thynk what rewardys/in heuen doth the abyde
Whyche yf thou lyue chast/can not be denyde
My wyt suffyseth not/to tell and expresse
What ioy thou shalte haue/for thy chaste clennes
Man. ¶ I thank you both/for your aduyse
and now wold I spede/wyth repentaunce fayn
abstyn. ¶ I can bryng you to hym/on the best wyse
Man. ¶ Than wyll I awayt vppon your wayn
and after that/I wyll com hyder agayn
trustyng that god/wyll send me the grace
to comfort my soule/wyth goostly solace
¶ Than they go out / Reason comyth in
¶ Here say/to my great ioy and gladnes
that accordyng/to my counsell and aduyse
thys mortall creature/doth well hys besynes
to correct and forsake/all hys old vyce
And that he ys in good way/and lykely to aryse
from the vale of syn/whyche ys full of derknes
toward the contemplacyon/of lyght that ys endles
¶ Lo syre/are not we all myche behold
to our maker/for thys great pacyence
Whyche not wythstandyng/our synnes manyfold
Wherein we dayly/do to hym offence
yet of hys mercyfull/and great magnyfycence
He doth not punyshe/as sone as we offende
But suffereth in hope/that we wyll amend
¶ He suffereth a synner/sometyme to endure
A long lyfe in honour/and great prosperyte

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And many a great daunger eſcapeth he
Where good men periſhe/thys may ye ſe
And all bycauſe/that he wold hym wyn
and haue hym to tourne/and forſake hys ſyn
¶ O here cometh/he that I loke fore
Syr haue ye done as I wylled you to do
Man. ¶ Ye that haue I don/and what trow ye more
I haue ben wyth/repentaunce alſo
Whyche fro my hart/ſhall neuer go
For he brought me/vnto confeſſyon
And anon I was acquaynted/with hartys contrycyon
¶ They aduyſed and charged/me to do ſatyſfaccyon
and ſo haue I don/to my beſt power
Rea. ¶ Than art thou fully/the chyld of ſaluacyon
Haue good perſeueraunce/and be not in fere
thy goſtly enemy/can put the in no daunger
and greter reward/thou ſhalt therfore wyn
Than he that neuer in hys lyfe dyd syn
¶ And to thentent/that thou mayſt well
Perſeuer and contynue/in thys ſure way
Or we departhens/by my counſell
Let vs by one accord/togeder ſyng and pray
wyth as humble deuocyon/as we can or may
That we may haue grace/from syn thus to ryſe
as often as we fall and let vs pray thys wyſe
¶ Then they ſyng ſome goodly ballet.
¶ The names of the players.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Nature. | Wreth. | Lyberalyte. |
| Man. | Enuy. | Chaſtyte |
| Reſon. | Slouth. | Good occupacyō. |
| Henſualyte. | Glotony. | Shamefaſtn. s. |
| Innocencye. | Dumplyte. | Mundus. |
| Worldly affeccyō. | Charyte. | Pacyence. |
| Bodyly luſt. | Abſtynence. | Dyde. |

¶ Cum priuilegio.

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# Nature

*These two leaves following are duplicates of* ci *and* civ, *as bound up with the British Museum copy at the end.*

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I ſhalbe to you/euer good and proſperouſe

Man. Thyr I thank you/of thys curteſy
Vnde ſerued as yet/but be ye ſure
I ſhall my ſelfe/endeuour by ſyly
to do that may be/to your pleaſure
And for the ſeaſon/that I ſhall her endure
I ſhall therin cheryce/and to my power mayntayne
That vnto you in any wyſe do partayne

p Wor. Than to bygyn wyth all/I wyll aduyſe you
to put thys man/from your company
For tell you/euery man wyll deſpyſe you
As long as ye/be ruled by innocency
to folow ſuche counſell/yt ys but foly
For he can neyther good neyther euyll
and therfore he ys taken/but for a dryuyll

Man. Thy my fayth/euyn as ye ſay
It lyketh me not ryght well
Wyth innocency lonye to dwell
therfore accordyng to your counſell
I wyll not after thys day
Wyth hys company my ſelfe affere
As me thet as yt were a gray frere
I ſuppoſe there ys no man here
What ſoeuer he be
That could in in hys mynde be content
all wayes to be called an innocent
Wherfore yt ys myne intent
to do as ye aduyſe me

p Wor. Ye hardely do euyn ſo

Inno. Forſoth and I hold me well content
to departe at your commaundement
ye ſhall fynde me obedyent
What ſoeuer ye byd me do

Here innocency goeth out.

ſenſua Tho the company ys well amend
Let hym go to the deuyll of hell
He ys but a boy I warry you well
and ſhuld ye folow hys counſell
All myghty god defend
yf euer ye luſt to play the man
It ys tyme th at ye now bygan
Warp to play the boy now and than



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for your dyspoc[illegible]
It forceth not though ye do
Whan ye may haue leyser thertto
And among I wyll helpe you also
In due tyme and place
p̄ Wor. Tye that ye wyll in dede
But now syr wyll ye any thyng
Commaund me byfore my departyng
Man. Nothyng at all to my lettyng
But our lord haue you in hys kepyng
And send you well to spede
p̄ Wor. Worldly affeccyon come hyder/ye are polytyke
and mych better enured/in thys world than I
I pray you dyspose for me/as ye thynk most lyke
That I may lyue here well and honorably
p̄ Wor. Tye syr I shall. Dout ye not hardely
yf yt lyke you/to put me in so great trust
And I trew ye shall fynde me/trew and iust
Man. I wote well I shall. Surely you be bound
To the world/that hath gyuen you so great cōmendacyon
p̄ Wor. Tye syr some men had leuer than a thousand pound
They myght be commended/of the same fassyon
But syr let passe/all thys commendacyon
and answere to me/I pray you ryuefully
In that I shall meue you/substancyally
That fewe wordes/I you exhorte
Syth that ye be come to your owne
Cast your selfe to bere suche a porte
That as ye be/ye may be knowen
Ehe yt ys necessary/for that behoue
that there be made/some maner of purueyaunce
Wherby/ye may bere out your countenaunce
Wyll yt lyke you therfore/that I survey
And se the extent/of all your land
and there vpon/in all the hast purvey
Both for you and yours/all maner of brand
With other instrumentys/redy at your hand
So that ye be purueyd/all tymes erely and late
Of eche thyng/that belongeth to your estate
Man. Your counsell ys good/do as ye thynk best
I commyt all suche thyng/to your discrecyon
I shall do my trew/besynes at the lest
To bryng all thynges/to good conclusyon

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Pryde Syr I ſhall tell the how/ whan I am in
To thy maſters ſeruyce I wyll fyrſt begyn
To ſet hys hart on a mery pyn
And byd hym make good chere
I wyll byd hym/ thynk how he ys create
To be a worthy poteſtate
And ellys that he ys predeſtynate
to be a prynces pere
And other thyngys more than thys
I ſhall bryng that hart of hys
To be more howt than yt ys
By a devys aſe
Specyally I wyll commend hys wyt
That no man can amend yt
And that he ys able therby to ſyt
as a iuge in comen place
And when I prayſe hym thys wyſe
I thynke hys hart wyll begyn to ryſe
and after that vtterly deſpyſe
any oyray counſell to here
He ſhall truſt all to hys own brayne
and than wold Reaſon neuer ſo fayne
Though he came and ſuche oyry wayn
He ſhalbe neuer the nere
ſenſua Surely thys conſeyt ys well found
I ſhall bryng the in ſeruyce for twaynty pound
Pryde Gramercy brother I thynk me mych bound
To the for thy curteſy
But syr abyde here on thyng
I wyll not be knowen that yt ys my helpyng
ſenſua No more wold I for .xl. helpyng
Let me alone hardely
ſenſua Syr yf yt pleaſe you here ys come a ſtraunger
That neuer was aquaynted wyth you ere
Somwhat ſhamefaſt and halfe in fere
To put hym ſelfe in preſe
A goodly parſone be ye ſure
Both of countenaunce and of feature
If he were drawyn in portrapture
And a good man doubtles
ye and a wyſe man at all
Wyll yt pleaſe you that I ſhall

to ſpeke wyth you. ¶Ma. byd hym com. ¶Sy. I ſhall
Syr wyll ye come nere.
ſenſua ¶Syr byd hym welcome for the maner ſake
Another day I am ſure he wyll make
And ſay ſuche a gentylman dyd hym make
Very great chere
Deſyre hym for to dwell wyth you
I tell you he ys a man for your prow
and knoweth the world well I now
No man better than he
Man. ¶Syr ye be welcom to thys place
Pryde ¶I thanke you ſyr/but I do you treſpace
to come thus homly. ¶Henſua.ye a parlous caſe
God wote ye are welcom heder
Dy my fayth by my wyll
ye ſhall dwell wyth be ſtyll
Go nere to hym and talke your fyll
I leue you togeder
¶He goeth forth.
Man. ¶Now ſyr what haue ye to ſay to me
Pryde ¶No great thyng ſyr/but I come to ſe
And to know what maner man ye be
That all men prayſeth ſo mouche
Man. ¶Prayſe whom prayſe they. ¶Pryde.Mary you
Man me. ¶Pryde.ye ſyr I make myne auow
They gyue you a prayſyng good I now
I harde neuer none ſuche
and ſurely ye be ryght wurthy
I ſe well now they do not ly
and therefore I dyd my hyder hy
To acquayut me wyth you
But ye may ſay that I am bold
Man. ¶May ye ar worth thy weyght of gold
Me thenketh me to you myche beholde
I pray you what ys your name
Pryde ¶My name ys Wurſhyp. ¶Man.Wurſhyp now ſurely
The world told me yt was my deſtyny
To come to Wurſhyp or I dye
Pryde ¶Truly I am the ſame
Man. ¶Now Wurſhyp I pray you me tell
your wyſedom and alſo counſell
ye can aduertyſe me paſſyng well
In thyngys that I haue to do

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